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COMMENT

1. *The Death Penalty*

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS have recently been published advocating the abolition of the death penalty for murder.

A section of a third book, Victor Gollancz's anthology, contains an equally impressive collection of passages from great writers denouncing capital punishment.¹ As recently as 1800 the "Bloody Code" flourished in England. Unique in the world, it listed 220 offences punishable by death; these capital crimes included poaching, stealing turnips, damaging a fishpond, being found disguised in a forest, park, or rabbit-warren, impersonating out-pensioners at Greenwich Hospital, and picking pockets or shop-lifting to a value of above five shillings. Children over fourteen were regularly liable to the death penalty, and children over seven if there was "strong evidence of malice." Our highways were dotted with gibbets, which were used as landmarks by travellers. Vast crowds thronged ghoulishly to the executions, which were accompanied and followed by the most degrading and disgusting scenes. By comparison the Middle Ages seem humane, the death penalty being then imposed only for a few really grave offences such as murder, treason, arson and rape. Under the Tudors and Stuarts the law became more rigorous, but the fully barbarous code was introduced only when the industrial revolution produced the extremes of wealth and poverty, the prostitution, child-labour and appalling slums which in their turn bred a large class of desperate and hardened criminals.

The past abuse of the death penalty does not prove that it has no use. The fact that boys of fourteen were hanged for poaching is not in itself proof that it was, or is, wrong to hang sane men for poisoning. Yet the facts catalogued above remind us that intelligent and conscientious men can, from the force of custom, an exaggerated regard for property and a lack of imagination, be accessories to monstrous practices. In the past there has been, in the country at large as in the schools, too much and too severe

¹ *Capital Punishment, etc.*, by Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., 6s, *Reflections on Hanging*, by Arthur Koestler, 12s 6d, and *From Darkness to Light*, by V. Gollancz, 15s; all published this year by Gollancz.

punishment, and before the reform of the prisons punishment by imprisonment in this country was a disgrace to the community, tending to degrade, demoralise and brutalise the prisoners. When, in addition, a long list of prophets and seers—men like Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, William Blake, Lactantius, John Bright and Thackeray—regarded capital punishment as immoral, it may reasonably be demanded that we examine our consciences and ask ourselves whether our attitude to capital punishment, perhaps even to all punishment, has not been *radically* wrong, and whether at least capital punishment should not be abolished altogether.

The problem of punishment is extremely complex and obscure, being involved in three mysteries: sin, suffering and human nature. On certain points, nevertheless, there will be general agreement among sensible persons. As St. Paul taught (*Romans 13, 4*), the civil authority represents God and has the right to punish wrong-doers even by death. This right may be exercised in defence of the existence or clear welfare of the state. The existence of the state is never threatened by the arrested murderer, since he is already under restraint. It is always wrong to punish out of hate, anger or revenge. Theologically viewed, punishment is connected with the reparation (rectification) of the moral order violated by sin. It is, however, repentance, not pain, that principally atones and repairs the moral order. The criminal is to some extent the product of his environment, and hence the community is partly responsible for his crimes; nevertheless the individual remains free and responsible. There is a little recognised but immensely important principle (first formulated by W. G. MacLagan?) that while punishment is probably retributive even by definition and is certainly retributive in the sense that it may be inflicted only on one who has "deserved" it, yet the nature and amount of punishment should be determined by quite different considerations. Punishment must be directed to the correction and improvement of the wrong-doer; as such it is no more than a part in a general plan of moral education in which the chief part is played by patience and love, enlightenment about the moral ideal and education of the intellect and the heart. Punishment must spring from love and be directed to the good of the delinquent; as shocking as the severity of the "Bloody Code" was the attitude of a large section of the community towards the victims, an attitude of self-righteousness,

cruelty and contempt. Yet while it is wrong to punish too much, it is clear from the smaller worlds of the home and the school that the complementary truth is equally important: that not to punish at all spoils children permanently and irredeemably. From St. Augustine onwards a long line of witnesses notable for their lofty character and high culture testify to the essential part played by punishment in saving them from wrecking their lives and wasting their great abilities. But the formation of character and training in good habits cannot have the same significance in the State's punishment of adults. Indeed the State is principally concerned with wrong-doing, not in its character of the moral fault of an individual, but as crime, as conduct which invades the rights of other citizens or is destructive of public order and the common good, temporal or spiritual. Nevertheless when the State does punish to deter, it must regard the moral good of the delinquent and may not employ deterrents calculated (like nineteenth-century prisons) to demoralise and corrupt him.

There are three main arguments for the death penalty for murder. First, capital punishment is an effective deterrent, and perhaps the best deterrent against certain types of murder. Secondly, it is a satisfactory punishment in itself, by the terms defined above. Thirdly, there is no alternative penalty that deters without being cruel and demoralising. These three arguments are reducible to the single proposition that the death penalty is the only deterrent that is also satisfactory as a punishment.

The abolitionists advance many arguments, some serious and some worthless. It is silly to assume that hanging is barbarous; generally instantaneous and painless, it is the hedonist's ideal death (strangulation is quite different). It is silly to argue that because petty thieving decreased a century ago when the death penalty was abolished, murder will likewise decrease; for the reason of the decrease in petty thieving was that the barbarously disproportionate penalty had in fact given impunity, since juries naturally refused to convict. It is possible to exaggerate the importance of the allegation that a certain prisoner had to be carried struggling to the gallows. It is not clear that it proves more than that some murderers are cowards; one has seen a naughty child struggle when carried off by its mother to be smacked. The argument that "two blacks do not make a white" is circular in this context; it assumes that the penal killing of a

murderer by the State is morally indistinguishable from the killing of an innocent man by an individual. It is silly to argue, as the late Archbishop Temple did, that hanging is not reformatory; the point is that *the death sentence* has an extremely sobering effect and is very often eminently reformative, giving the murderer his best possible chance of dying a Christian death. There is abundant evidence that, especially where the Catholic chaplain is allowed to visit all denominations, an extraordinarily high proportion of prisoners awaiting execution ask to become Catholics. This was so in some of the American military prisons in this country during the war, and (*Catholic Herald*, April 20, 1956) no less than seven of the fifteen Southern Sudanese mutineers were received into the Church before being shot. All made an enviably Christian end, meeting death with resignation and courage, some with joy. Only the man under sentence of death is exempt from the gospel warning, "Ye know not the day or the hour."

A number of abolitionist arguments deserve further study. Statistics apparently relating a decrease in murder to the abolition of the death penalty in other countries are obviously relevant and important. The sensational and morbid publicity given to murder trials and executions by the "gutter Press" is a serious evil and possibly incites psychopaths to murder—and potential murderers are a small class.

It is argued, again, that the condemned murderer is subjected to a unique and intolerable mental suspense; this agony of suspense is frequently described in the most pathetic terms, and the famous passage from *The Idiot* is often quoted in support. But Dostoevsky in his novel was projecting into the murderer the feelings, not of the average person or the average murderer, but of an exceptionally sensitive and imaginative person—himself. But even supposing that such a man, a Dostoevsky, *had* committed murder, is it not likely that (quite apart from any question of punishment, deterrence, and the public good) he would actually prefer an early death to a life haunted and turned to ashes by remorse? No doubt the suspense suffered by the condemned murderer is painful; but every year tens of thousands of relatively innocent people die very painful deaths from natural causes. From the hedonistic point of view, death by hanging, even with the suspense thrown in, probably ranks rather high.

Surely what men fear is pain and the unknown after death, rather than death itself. We must, in any case, take account of the fact that good men must generally face sharp suffering, both physical and mental, from a hundred causes both in life and at death.

To kill a human being in cold blood is no doubt a terrible thing. Yet even after reading, with all the moral alertness at one's command, the harrowing picture of the death-cell painted by the abolitionists—a composite picture, incidentally, constructed from half a dozen carefully selected different cases—we are convinced neither that capital punishment is undesirable nor even that the abolitionists can claim a profounder pity than other men for the whole range of human suffering. Indeed the real effect of the abolitionists' lurid accounts, however well-intentioned, is the same as that of undesirable Press sensationalism—virtually to reintroduce *public* hanging.

In the ideal Christian community, in which most of the citizens were saints, the rare criminal could perhaps be reformed by love and example. But to abolish punishment is not the right way to begin the transformation of the actual community; the ideal society must be inaugurated by obedience, first, to the Ten Commandments. The "forgiveness" of those who have not wronged us is too easy a way. Meanwhile the alternative to capital punishment, namely, a long term of imprisonment, seems to be not only more cruel than hanging, but also inevitably degrading and demoralising, when a large group of men convicted of gross crimes are confined together. Capital punishment seems to be the least unsatisfactory response of society to the tragic situation created by murder.

2. *The Crisis in South Africa*

"N
AUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT," cries Fr. Huddleston, and urges the expulsion of South Africa from the British Commonwealth. His sincerity and courage compel our admiration, but it is to be feared that his tactics in his campaign on behalf of the oppressed coloured peoples are likely to do more

harm than good. Far from furthering their cause, the expulsion of South Africa, by removing the restraining and moderating British influence, would bring nearer and perhaps make inevitable that interracial explosion which all white South Africans and many others fear. The problem will be solved, not by inflaming passions and fanning the flames of interracial hatred, but by the education and extension of moderate white South African opinion, which must then infiltrate and finally isolate the extremists.

For the South African problem is not merely one of colour, to be seen in terms of black and white. It is complicated by the fact that there is no single united White front. Since it is the core of early Dutch settlers who form the extremist spearhead, while the English settlers' attitude to the treatment of the natives is more enlightened, it is obvious that the interrelation of the two white races, British and Boers, in South Africa is crucial in the colour question. This question cannot be solved until there is first an improvement in the relations between British South Africans and Boers. Only a united moderate White opinion can save South Africa.

That is the tragedy of South Africa—the failure of the Boers and the English settlers to blend and fuse into a single white South African race, such as the generous Constitution of 1910 envisaged, a race which should have combined the qualities of both peoples. The British failed to seize their opportunity; as the conquerors and the then paramount race, it was their duty to conciliate the Boers. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if the two white races might grow together. Influenced by the idealism of 1910 and under the threat of German invasion, some praiseworthy efforts were made and the prospect seemed bright. Great and far-sighted leaders like General Botha and Field Marshal Smuts fostered the incipient *rapprochement*. But when the German danger was past and Smuts and Botha were dead, the old sources of distrust and dislike reasserted themselves. The Boers, remembering that their forebears had won the land, always regarded the British as interlopers and adventurers, like the "carpet-baggers" of 1865 in the American South. Besides the resentment of a defeated people against their conquerors, a resentment aggravated by the bitter memories of Kitchener's concentration camps, differences of language and background prevented large-scale intermarriage. Particularly in Natal and the Cape, the British tended to live together in their

own communities, while the Transvaal and the former Orange Free State remained predominantly Boer. The English, for their part, irritated the Boers by their attitude of superiority. At Durban even quite recently British South Africans could be heard boasting that they could not speak a word of Afrikaans and employing the words Dutch and Dutchman as terms of ridicule and reproach. But already in the 'thirties, as South Africa with her gold and expanding commerce increased in international consequence, while British Jingoism and imperial pride yielded to a liberal socialism that renounced the responsibilities of empire, the latent Boer nationalism and *revanchisme* revived in a more aggressive form.

When one remembers that the Boers, with their Old Testament upbringing, have traditionally tended to regard the coloured races as almost cursed by Heaven and as born to servitude, while it is the British whose attitude has, generally speaking, been more enlightened, it is clear how fatal would be the policy of the expulsion of the Union. The British would become a mere tolerated foreign minority, whose moderating influence would be paralysed. The Coloureds, deprived of even indirect British protection, would be driven desperate and might well be goaded by hotheads or Communist agitators into a calamitous revolt. Even to fan the flames of distrust and hatred by intemperate writing and public speeches can do incalculable harm. A man of courage and principle, Fr. Huddleston is unwittingly playing the Communist game. It is significant that he has been headlined as much in the *Daily Worker* as in the *Church Times*. The detribalisation of the natives and the great contrasts of wealth and poverty, especially in the Rand, make South Africa an easy prey for the Communist scout and the shock-trooper of revolution.

The ultimate aim must, rather, be the construction of a multi-racial state; the intermediate objective must be the unification and education of the Whites in their spiritual and social responsibilities. The immediate and urgent need is, while avoiding all incitement to bitterness and strife and securing understanding in Britain for the difficulties of the moderate Whites, to build up in South Africa an impregnable resistance to the present materialist Government by the consolidation and further education of the moderates, whose overriding duty it is to organise themselves into an effective force in public life.

RETRACING STEPS

Germans Rethink Their History

By

JOHN MURRAY

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING another of those volumes of reminiscence and experience published in Germany since the war: this time by a distinguished and, I feel, sympathetic naval officer and diplomat and, for some time, also politician, Werner Freiherr von Rheinbaben.¹ The author's background is a conservative and service one, though politically he was a member of the newly-founded *Deutsche Volkspartei* after 1920 and for a period was Parliamentary Secretary to Dr. Stresemann. The title of the book—*Fourfold Germany*—refers to the four stages of German development during his lifetime: Hohenzollern Germany to which he gave all his loyalty and affection and to which he now looks back nostalgically as a happy and golden era prior to the great stresses and strains that convulsed his country and led to the final and catastrophic collapse; the Weimar Republic that was given his interest and energies; Hitler's Reich which he abominated but to which, as he admits, reluctantly he was compelled to adjust himself; and finally the Germany of today with its problems and possibilities, the subject of his warmest good wishes with the hope that at long last it will find its true and abiding integration with the West.

His review of recent history is reasonable and, on the surface at least, unprejudiced. It is interesting for its criticisms of German policy and behaviour and perhaps even more interesting for its basic assumptions, which will be the major theme of this article.

To begin with, he is wholeheartedly in tune with Hohenzollern Germany. In his judgment Bismarck was the "great man," the Iron Chancellor of destiny who gave the long-desired unity to

¹ *Viermal Deutschland: aus dem Erleben eines Seemans, Diplomaten, Politikers, 1895-1954* (Berlin: Arlon Verlag).

Germany. One of his cherished memories from younger days is that of a visit to the old Chancellor in retirement at Friedrichsruh. His argument is that Bismarck created modern Germany and safeguarded his creation by a policy of limited ambition and responsibility and by clever handling of neighbouring Powers. Bismarck's achievement was jeopardised by the instability of William II and the ineptness of his ministers and advisers, with the one exception of the Chancellor, von Bülow, and these were responsible for Germany's perilous isolation at the heart of the Continent. He grants that Bismarck was less successful in dealing with internal problems and that neither himself nor his successors were sufficiently alive to the development of a political consciousness within Germany.

For the period between Bismarck's fall and the outbreak of the First World War the author censures Emperor and government for their inability to understand other peoples and their habit of conducting international affairs to the accompaniment of vocal thunder and the beating of fists on tables. He does not seem to realise that it was precisely Bismarck who introduced these methods into European diplomacy, though no doubt he was more adept at managing his thunder and timing the blows of his fists. The fatal blunders of this era were, he considers, the estrangement between Germany and Russia (for Bismarck friendship with Russia was a cardinal thesis in German foreign policy and the necessary re-insurance against Western countries), the too close association of Germany with the Austro-Hungarian Empire, visibly in decline and torn by the struggle between the various national groups, and German inability—and perhaps also unwillingness—to come to some commercial and naval agreement with Great Britain. He is inclined to put a major portion of blame for the war on to the shoulders of the Austrian and Hungarian governments, for it was obvious that Russia could not accept another humiliation over Balkan questions, and here he blames Germany for giving what was in effect a *carte blanche* to these two governments. However, in the main, he argues that Germany's attitude in 1914 was fundamentally a defensive attitude and that the mainspring of the war was Britain's dislike and fear of Germany.

As principles of interpretation of the post-war period he brings forward a number of statements, most of which, I think, are very reasonable. It was, he considers, a mistake on the Kaiser's part to

abdicate, and Hindenburg advised his sovereign badly. The story of Germany during the 1920's would have been smoother and less fraught with disaster, had the monarchy remained, and he argues convincingly that the collapse of Weimar and the triumph of National Socialism were due to the opposition and non-collaboration of the German Right rather than to any danger from the Left. The Republic, he thinks, could have established itself in time and won the loyalty of a large majority of the Germans, had the parties of the Right co-operated and had there been a civilian President in place of the ageing Field-Marshal who, whatever his measure of good intentions, was out of sympathy with politicians and political parties and came more and more to be used and exploited by his entourage.

Not that Freiherr von Rheinbaben is always on the obviously democratic side. He strongly deprecates the method of proportional representation used in Weimar Germany on the grounds that it gave too little prominence to the individual candidate and too much to the parties. His final point of disagreement with Dr. Stresemann that led to his resignation was Stresemann's unreadiness to govern by means of a Presidential cabinet without a majority backing from the *Reichstag*. He insists that an administration of the kind was absolutely necessary at that juncture in German events. It was certainly the last expedient of Dr. Brüning before the shades of National Socialism crowded in upon the political scene. Freiherr von Rheinbaben may have been right: but it was Dr. Stresemann who had the greater respect for democratic institutions.

The author's review of the past half-century from his personal standpoint is always interesting and well informed; his outlook for the future is encouraging and reasonably optimistic. But he posits no far-reaching questions. Germans have behaved very badly. Germany has been false to its traditions and ideals. But he does not question the reality, the fact of Germany, understood as the Germany of 1870.

That has been done and is being done in present-day Germany by a number of thinkers and historians. The radical character of the German defeat and collapse has compelled them to go behind the immediate phenomena of the past twenty years to seek for the ultimate causes of this disaster. "We have been living in a false Paradise"—that is in effect what some of them are now stating.

Friedrich Meinecke, perhaps the best-known of historians in twentieth-century Germany, has declared:

Our traditional picture of history, with which we grew up, now requires a fundamental revision, in order clearly to distinguish from each other the true and false values of our history.¹

Gerhard Ritter puts the problem more explicitly:

Nowhere, after the great collapse of 1945, is reconstruction more urgently required in the German educational system than in historical teaching. The first and principal reason is that the entire foundation of instruction, our very picture of history, has suddenly fallen into uncertainty. For, after the shameful misuse of the finest ideals of German history, its honourable traditions as well as the belief in the nation and its future, what still remains firm of the historical and political convictions and the traditional values of German history? Perplexed and distracted, the Germans stand today at the grave of their past.²

“The grave of their past”: it is a strong expression. Elsewhere Ritter comments that the post-war age calls for a “fundamental revision of the picture of history accepted in Germany.”

Important historians in Germany are facing this significant challenge: how is it that the Germans who until the nineteenth century were one of the least “nationalist” of peoples, succumbed to a narrow and arrogant national spirit that has brought ruin to themselves and Europe? Up to 1800 the German tradition was universal as its atmosphere was cosmopolitan. Goethe felt no great resentment against the French even during the Napoleonic invasions: Kant saw all local and national allegiances within the framework of a wider and universal civilisation. Constantin Frantz, a sturdy opponent of Bismarck, expressed his astonishment that

precisely Germany, which, because of her natural position, was least able to isolate herself; Germany, which even in earlier centuries when communications were still so difficult, did not go through exclusive

¹ *Die deutsche Katastrophe*. Wiesbaden: Brockhaus, 1946. An English version by Sidney B. Fay was published in 1950 by the Harvard University Press.

A series of papers and articles on the question of a reassessment of German history has been edited by Professor Hans Kohn and was published by George Allen and Unwin in 1954. These include contributions by Professors Meinecke, Schnabel, von Martin, von Rantzau and Hofer, which will be referred to in this article.

² *Geschichte als Bildungswesen*. Cf. Kohn, pp. 189-190.

national development; Germany whose great thinkers, poets and writers won fame by elevating their spirit over the merely national to the universally human . . . that just this Germany desires to cut herself off politically and spiritually as a national State . . . [since even] in the constitution of this purported national State, the largest part is based on imitation of foreign models, so that in it scarcely anything particularly German is to be found.¹

One customary answer is to suggest that because German national unity was a late achievement, German national sentiment was crude and excitable and not fully matured and that in addition there was insufficient Liberal and democratic development inside Germany. Accordingly German nationalism appeared more insistent and intransigent than nationalism in France or Britain but fundamentally it was one and the same thing. But this supposes that Bismarck's Prussian-German national state was the best or even a necessary solution for the German peoples. Gerhard Ritter cannot be suspected of Nazi sympathies. The Nazis imprisoned him and he was in close contact with members of the resistance executed after the plot of July, 1944. In his work on *Europa und die deutsche Frage*, published in 1947, he condemns not only National Socialism but also the aggressive policies of William II and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871.² Ritter is certainly no uncritical German. Yet he argues that the process which culminated in the Prussian-German Empire was essentially sound and "German," while he rejects the emergence of Hitler and National Socialism as an "un-German" phenomenon due to the influence of the mass democracy of the West, chiefly of the French Revolution.

Another German historian, Professor von Rantzaу of Hamburg University, repudiates Ritter's *apologia* for German nationalism which he considers to be very distinct from more Western national feeling. It arose from German romanticism with its vague emotional appeal and its equally vague and emotional conceptions of *Volk* and *Volkstum*.

Professor Ritter in one place admits that the cult of nationality in the French Revolution, at first hailed with enthusiastic good will by most European intellectuals, was carried by an idealism which

¹ *Bayreuther Blätter*, 1878. Cf. Kohn, p. 161.

² In fairness it must be said that Bismarck was not in favour of the annexation of Lorraine but was forced to yield to the demands of military leaders.

successfully won mankind to its side, exactly as happened later with British imperialism, whose world-winning power was most brilliantly portrayed by Seeley. In contrast, as Constantin Frantz expressed it, German nationalism was completely self-centred and represented only itself. The profound and portentous difference between the two nationalisms goes back to their origins. It is well known and has been emphasised by such far-sighted observers as Ernest Renan and Dostoievsky, in their critique of culture, that German nationalism, like the Slavic nationalism derived from it, is a different and more dangerous thing than Western nationalism because it has its roots in the naturalistic soil of speech and folk. For such nationalism leads to cultural isolation and finally to the claims of biological superiority, while Western nationalism is essentially founded upon the political conception of the sovereignty of the people. Furthermore, Ritter overlooks the fact that aggressive German nationalism and the National Socialist movement descended from it replaced what they lacked of civilising idealism, by nihilism in thought and feeling. By means of Nietzsche's influence the Germans contributed to the rise of this nihilism which broke into Western history in the twentieth century.¹

German nationalism in its nineteenth- and twentieth-century form has been condemned on several grounds. It magnified and idealised power. Here a clear break is evident with the older and universal tradition of Kant and Goethe. Instead we have the influence of Hegel, for whom the State is a higher manifestation of spirit or reality than the individual, so that by a kind of metaphysical subordination the individual is wholly subjected to the State. The mark of the State is authority, that is power. In Prussian eyes the State became a super-personality with a rhythm and development of its own. Ranke, the greatest of nineteenth-century German historians, reinforced this concept of State power through his notion that power is the manifestation of a "spiritual essence, an original genius that enjoys its own life." Not that Ranke taught the worship of naked power for ultimately he insisted that power depends on moral and spiritual forces and cannot be equated with physical force alone. But in this association of *Macht* with *Geist* lay a profound danger that the *Geist* would be forgotten or ignored and the *Macht* enhanced and glorified.

This cult of power—in itself and for its own sake—corresponded

¹ From an article, *Individualitätsprinzip, Staatsverherrlichung und deutsche Geschichtsschreibung* in *Die Sammlung*, May, 1950. Cf. Kohn, p. 170.

to a want of political awareness and enterprise in the German people, especially in Prussia. It also provided a remedy for the vagueness and indefiniteness of the German mind of which many Germans were themselves painfully conscious. Nietzsche has given a brilliant analysis of this mentality: a vague, mysterious, cloudy realm, where it is always dawn or twilight, never day, where no outlines are firm and clear but all the time uncertain, undefined, fleeting and elusive. The German, declares Nietzsche, never "is"—that is, is never stable and sure of himself; he is continually changing, ceasing to "be" something and not quite transformed into "something else." (*Der Deutsche selbst "ist" nicht, er "wird," er "entwickelt" sich.*) Discipline and State authority provided for the German mind a corrective necessary to control and balance this vagueness and uncertainty. Hence, German civic obedience which from being a virtue developed into a serious failing and the origin of tragedy.

This acceptance of power brought with it an idealisation of war. Other European countries have made war in their time and pursued military aims but none of them has pursued militarism quite in the German way. Further, war was detached from any moral context and became a mere *raison d'état*. Nor was this theory only. Bismarck openly admitted to the Crown Prince of Prussia that he had already determined upon his policy of war when he took office in 1862. Force was identified with strength; hesitation to use force seemed cowardice. It was this crude identification of morale with assertiveness which caused the Germans in both World Wars so gravely to underestimate the moral and spiritual resources of Britain and the United States.

Finally, there recurs the conception of the State. In Western tradition the State exists to represent a community, to defend public order and safeguard individual liberties. In the last resort it exists for the citizens: certainly they do not exist for the State. In Germany after 1870 the State became the supreme idea: it was the epitome and law of German life: its people were more and more self-centred, self-concentrated. The Germans, once universal in outlook, lost their links with other peoples; they were out of touch—and this increasingly—with other minds. Conscious of this, some modern German historians are insisting that they must regain this contact, and that they must see Europe and indeed Germany as others have seen and see them.

Ritter names as one of the most important tasks for the German historian the need "to draw at last a picture of Western European history in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, or preferably since the Middle Ages, which shall be soberly clear and free of national prejudices." "It can only be of use," he adds, "if we learn to observe the modern history of Europe from the other side of the Rhine-Vosges frontier as well."

Professor Kohn puts this general question in a more precise and pointed form:

In 1945 the Germany created in 1866, not the short-lived Hitlerian millenary Empire, collapsed. Hitler's *Grossdeutschland* was only an extension of Bismarck's *kleindeutsch* solution, an even greater Prussia which included the Austrian lands and made Berlin (not Vienna, Frankfort or any other historical German city) the centre of all German life. Was the past which made Berlin the capital of Germany, Prussia its core and the Iron Chancellor its hero, definitely buried in the ruins of the Siegesallee? Would the centre of German life return from the north-eastern semi-colonial marches to the old seats of civilisation in the west and south-west and would Germany find the way back to the common Western tradition which had been opposed by so many German trends after 1812?¹

Later in the same article he continues to develop the same theme:

National Socialism is attributed to the penetration into Germany of "Western" nationalist ideas, of the spirit of "mass-democracy" which originated in the French Revolution. But it was the former ruling classes of Germany who developed the political philosophy which alienated Germany from the West, who defended the social structure which differentiated Prussia from the middle class countries, and who cultivated that *Untertanengeist*, that enjoyment of obedience and dislike of political life which facilitated the rise of Hitler. For all this Bismarck—though by origin, character and inclination the very opposite of the National Socialist *élite*—can be held largely responsible. The present process of rethinking German history centres rightly around the appreciation of Bismarck's work.²

We are brought therefore to what has become the central question with certain modern German historians, namely the Bismarck problem. How do they—and how are we now—to judge his achievements? Were they splendid and monumental, as the majority of Germans have always claimed and believed? Or

¹ *Rethinking Recent German History*, cf. Kohn, p. 27.

² Cf. Kohn, p. 30.

was this success after all an illusion that contained within itself the seeds of eventual disintegration and disaster?

This revision of Bismarck's work has taken three distinct forms. There is, to begin with, a reassessment on the part of German Liberals which is best illustrated by the three-volume biography of Erich Eyck, published in Zürich from 1941 to 1944.¹ Eyck's argument is that the unification of the German people in a national State was a highly important and indeed necessary development: what Bismarck did, in other words, sadly needed doing. But Germany would have been unified in any case—with or without Bismarck—and the process would have been easier, less fraught with subsequent perils and more patient of democratic ideas had it been brought about in a Liberal rather than a Bismarckian manner. His verdict therefore is that Bismarck's achievement was of the first magnitude but that the methods he employed were unfortunate and evil. He represented the triumph of force and violence in a century which was being more and more permeated with Liberal ideas.

Professor Franz Schnabel of Munich refuses to countenance this interpretation of Eyck. He complains that Eyck accepts without further ado the belief that the creation of the Prussian-German national State was the only possible solution for the Germans in the nineteenth century. Eyck he characterises as one of the "German Whigs," the men who greatly admired Gladstone and who imagined that, had Bismarck not intervened so forcibly, Germany might have produced her own Teutonic version of the English Liberal statesman. What Eyck finds it hard to forgive in Bismarck is that he prevented the emergence of a German Gladstone. Against this opinion Schnabel argues that the goal could have been realised only through Bismarck's methods and that the Liberal dream of a unified Germany through natural development was thoroughly unreal. The remaining European Powers had no sympathy with this movement for unification which in any case did not come to the fore until 1840. They disliked and dreaded the ideology of the National Liberals even more than they mistrusted Bismarck. "All the virtuosity of Bismarck's manipulation of the rival Powers, his skill in the handling of men and his daring as well, were required to achieve the goal."

¹ Bismarck: *Leben und Werk*. A valuable chapter on *The Study of Bismarck* may be found in G. P. Gooch's *Studies in Germany History* (Longmans, 1948, pp. 300-341).

What Bismarck did, in Schnabel's judgment, was to subordinate the national movement to the control of a State, to contain it within a pattern which he succeeded in establishing along the lines of the older diplomacy. Bismarck was in the old tradition and, though in character and spirit he differed markedly from Metternich, he was playing the traditional diplomatic game. He was in fact the last of the classic diplomats and statesmen. He had nothing to do with the romantic concepts of *Volk* and *Lebensraum* which played so large a part in National Socialist ideology. He made use of national sentiment, but thought he could restrain it and harness it within a State framework, which would be powerful enough to check its disruptive tendencies. But there was a serious contradiction at the heart of Bismarck's work. On the one hand, he fashioned a State at the dictate of growing national sentiment and, on the other, he continued to protect and preserve a purely dynastic State like Austria-Hungary against the resurgent national feeling of Eastern European peoples. Even this second purpose of Bismarck was defeated by the war launched between Austria and Prussia for he drove Austria outside Germany and abandoned it to the struggle of its own national groups.

The whole system of 1866, this last and much extolled "master-piece" of the old style, resulted at once in the decline of the Habsburg Empire. Thus it was the cause of the isolation and downfall of the Bismarckian Empire as well. The nationalities were in fact encouraged by the weaknesses of the monarchy which had been defeated on the battlefield. As soon as the nationalities lay free and unprotected along the Russian border, central Europe in turn could no longer maintain its own position. The old statecraft was utterly confounded.¹

Schnabel's contention is that the national State created by Bismarck was an artificial and "un-German" institution that did violence to German traditions and in the long run proved alien to the true character of the German people. In the 1860's and 1870's there was still a good basis for a federation of the peoples of Central Europe. The German Confederation could have been widened and strengthened. This would have meant the transformation but not the destruction of Austria-Hungary. The various national groups might have co-operated instead of engaging in

¹ *The Bismarck Problem*, an article which originally appeared in *Hochland* for October, 1949. Cf. Kohn, pp. 65-93.

furious rivalry. Granted, the period when this federal solution could have been envisaged was relatively short. By 1880 radical ideas had prevailed and too violent an emphasis had been placed on nationalism. To the late-nineteenth-century mind the Prussian-German national State appeared so modern and so much in keeping with the realities of the age. It is only in the mid-twentieth century, after the cruel experience of two world wars and our clearer understanding of the limitations of this concept of the absolute State, that we realise how inappropriate and in a sense how outmoded was that supposedly "modern" notion. In Schnabel's judgment Bismarck's achievement was disastrous for the proper development of Central and Eastern Europe. His Prussian policy was decidedly anti-European.

The epithet "Prussian" calls for one comment. It may be convenient but it is frequently incorrect to attribute all modern German aggressiveness in a peculiar manner to the Prussians and to Prussianism. Prussia grew to prominence as a military State but there was an older, austere and disciplined Prussian spirit that was certainly not without its finer points. German nationalism received a strong impetus, it is true, in Prussia during the Prussian resistance to Napoleon, but it gathered force and its own *mystique* under the influence of the later Romantic movement that was not at all characteristically Prussian. Nor were all rulers of Prussia typically "Prussian," among them Frederick William III and Frederick William IV. Professor Kohn adds: "In the decisive years of the second half of the nineteenth century, Frederick III promised to become such a monarch, too, if a fate, cruel to Germany and Europe, had not cut short his life."¹

The third line of reassessment of Bismarck and his work goes back to the historian, Burckhardt, whom Professor Meinecke now considers to have greater significance for the understanding of recent German history than even Ranke himself. Burckhardt had a profound antipathy for Bismarck though he could appreciate his political genius. His view of Bismarck's achievement is that it was a *revolution*, but a revolution engineered and controlled from above. Bismarck succeeded in doing what would have occurred in due time, but without him and against him. The democratic and social forces would in any case have brought about this revolution, as the Liberals hoped. Bismarck forestalled them and thought that

¹ op. cit., pp. 16-17.

the powerful State within which he had imprisoned these forces would be strong enough to contain and restrain them.

A recent book by Robert Saitschick takes this argument even further.¹ In the author's opinion Bismarck was the revolutionary *tout court*. He was the Prussian Bonaparte. Self-centred and egoistic and intensely vain—this is how Saitschick sees him—he was the man of violence and of violent improvisation. Understood in this light, he comes much closer to Adolf Hitler in temperament and significance than in the more normal interpretations. He claimed, we are told, that he was possessed by a Teutonic devil and he has been called a *barbare de génie*. What value this special assessment may have must remain a matter of doubt, but in the late nineteenth and the twentieth centuries there did emerge a barbaric element in German thought and conduct. German *Kultur*, that had previously been distinctively European and universal in its values, took on a sinister note of ruthlessness and savagery.

These summary indications of trends of thought in Germany show us that a real effort is being made by German thinkers and historians to rethink their recent experiences and to reassess them in a wider and more European context. It is a welcome sign, and work of this sort could do much to strengthen the Western outlook that has been so marked a feature of the government of the German Republic since 1950. However the policies of Bismarck be interpreted, there is a clear and fortunate contrast between himself, with his Prussian background and anti-Western outlook, and Dr. Adenauer, a German Catholic of the West, nurtured in the traditions of an older and freer Germany, that was heir to the ancient civilisation of Rome and a partner in the creation of a European spirit and culture. The gift to which Robert Burns whimsically aspired, that ability to "see ourselves as others see us," is what the German mind has so often and so sorely lacked. It is no accident that subjectivism has been a frequent mark of modern German philosophy. I am not suggesting that the Germans are alone in this tendency to interpret themselves and their history in this subjective way. All peoples have their national legends that are made to serve as history. But by concentration upon themselves, by their withdrawal from that wider European consciousness which they once shared and helped to form, by their deliberately

¹ *Bismarck und das Schicksal des deutschen Volkes: Zur Psychologie und Geschichte der deutschen Frage*. Munich, 1948.

anti-Western attitude, the Germans accentuated this subjective tendency and retreated into a more complete spiritual isolation.

The final paragraph of a short paper by Alfred von Martin may serve to conclude these reflections:

Was there "another" Germany, better and wiser, besides Bismarck's Germany? There were, in any event, individual Germans who did not share his ideas and who foresaw the oncoming time of trouble, the era of destructive wars and the inevitable catastrophe. Paul de Lagarde and Constantin Frantz are brought forward from time to time by Saitschick among Bismarck's contemporaries. Ludwig von Gerlach deserves no less a place. In general, the enemies of Bismarck ought to be portrayed together by someone—it would be a small German hall of fame. Yet they were never anything but solitary individuals, and their voices died away, almost unheard. To be sure, official policy and semi-official historiography deliberately did their best to bury them in silence. Thus they remained voices in the wilderness. Their warnings were in vain. For behind these Germans, among whom Crown Prince Frederick stood not among the last, there was no Germany they could represent. The hope of Germany rests, in spite of all, upon the possibility that such Germans may become representative of Germany.¹

THE ANGLICAN AGONY

Conversion Novels of the Victorian Age

By

MARGARET M. MAISON

NEWMAN in his *Apologia* speaks of that unhappy period when he was on his "death-bed" as regards membership of the Anglican Church. The metaphor is an apt one, and we know that the death-beds of many Victorian Anglo-Catholics,

¹ From *Bismarck und Wir: Zerstörung einer politischen Legende*. *Der Monat*, No. 20, 1951. Cf. Kohn, pp. 94-101.

far from being peaceful and painless, were beds of anguish, full of tragedy, torment and mental and spiritual suffering of the keenest kind. Rejected by their families, mourned by their friends and abused by their enemies, these "perverts" frequently ended their Anglican days in great loneliness and distress, and only after enduring the most grievous conflicts and sorrows did they finally pass over to the other side.

Detailed accounts of such "deaths" are recorded in many Victorian novels written by Catholic converts from Anglicanism, for the novel was then widely used as a medium for spiritual autobiography. The Oxford Movement produced vast outpourings of confessional fiction of all sorts; tracts for the times were followed by the tales for the times and from the eighteen-forties onwards we find young girls in their teens, middle-aged matrons, future Cardinals and Prime Ministers and hosts of country clergymen all busily engaged in chronicling their varieties of religious experience in stories. It was, in fact, quite natural for the Victorian pilgrim to tell of his progress, or regress, in the form of a novel, and under the guise of fiction many Catholic converts were emboldened to speak to the world of their previous heart-searchings and hesitations, of their phases of faith and of all the pains of that arduous journey from Canterbury to Rome.

This is particularly true of Newman, the most distinguished convert from Anglo-Catholicism in the nineteenth century, and it is perhaps unfortunate that most modern readers, although familiar with the history of his religious opinions as set forth in the *Apologia*, are not so well-acquainted with his two extremely interesting and heavily autobiographical conversion novels, *Loss and Gain* (1848) and *Callista* (1856). *Loss and Gain*, the story of the conversion of an Oxford student, is especially revealing, for here Newman, availing himself of the greater freedom that fiction and anonymity can bestow, gives us not only the intellectual but the emotional elements in his conversion—all still fresh in his memory.¹

Charles Reding, the hero of the novel, is clearly a self-portrait—a soul "naturally timid and retiring, over-sensitive and, though lively and cheerful, yet not without a tinge of melancholy in his

¹ Newman of course disclaimed autobiography—a common practice among Victorian writers of exceptionally revealing confessional fiction of this kind. Cf. Froude in *The Nemesis of Faith* and Hale White in the *Mark Rutherford* novels.

character." He possesses a large number of Newman's traits, including an early inclination towards celibacy, a deep attachment to Oxford, a love of Gregorian music, a slight superstitious vein and a strong craving for truth and certitude. Like Newman, too, he is matured by family bereavement and finally received into the Church by a Passionist father. Many of the principal features of his conversion are similar to Newman's, for he shares his author's fate in being condemned to miseries of a dreary and lingering Anglican death-bed. The painful slowness of the whole process is emphasised throughout. Conversion never comes to Charles in a single sudden blinding flash of glorious illumination; he arrives at his goal, as Newman did, by a gradual, tedious, inch-by-inch crawling process towards the light. The actual length of time for the conversion period is shortened in the interests of the narrative, but we frequently see fiction giving place to pure autobiography in Newman's descriptions of Charles's mounting disillusionment in the Church of England, his dissatisfaction with "those odious Articles," his unsettlement of mind amid the uprooting storms of theological argument raging at Oxford, the sad years of perplexity and indecision, the deepening of melancholy, the continual "depression of spirits," the gradual, almost imperceptible shaping of ideas, the slow, unconscious ripening. "Growing towards the Church," Newman sometimes calls it, and this novel shows us that the growing pains involved were at times almost intolerable.

In this story too Newman points out that the pains of interior spiritual conflict are not the only burden that such Romeward-bound Anglicans have to bear. Separation from much-loved people and places is yet another part of the sacrifice demanded of them. Charles, like Newman, deeply filial and loving, the pride and hope of his family, their "only stay" after the father's death, finds that his change is a "crushing blow," especially to his mother, and the parting between mother and son is one of the finest scenes in the book. We recall that Newman's own mother had in fact died before his final conversion, but not before she, and indeed the whole family, had felt that John was getting too "High" for them, and at the time of his conversion the rest of the family, although diverging widely in their own beliefs, were yet unanimous in their disapproval of the step he had taken. Indeed his sister Harriett never spoke to him again. Newman had thus tasted to the full those bitter draughts of family disagreement over

religious matters, but, far from using these tragic scenes of family warfare as an argument against leaving the church of one's baptism as Miss Harris, Miss Sewell, Miss Worboise and so many other contemporary Anglican novelists did, Newman maintains on the contrary that such suffering is part of the price one pays for securing the truth, and, as a Catholic tells Charles, although "it is a sort of martyrdom" to break "the dearest and closest ties," yet "they who do so have a martyr's reward."

Parting from beloved places was almost another kind of martyrdom, and Charles's enforced departure from his University is one of the saddest events attendant on his conversion. Newman's love of Oxford shows itself throughout the story, and if the modern reader finds it a little mawkish to hear of Charles passionately embracing the willows near the Isis and plucking their leaves as a memento, he must remember the deep fervour of Newman's attachment to Oxford and the very real agony of his parting. Loss of Oxford was one of the worst losses he had to count in reckoning his loss and gain.

Having described Charles's losses in such detail Newman still has to convince us that the gain outweighs them all. This he does in the concluding chapter when Charles is finally received into the Church and finds peace and serenity of mind, "like the stillness which almost sensibly affects the ears when a bell that has long been tolling stops, or when a vessel, after much tossing at sea, finds itself in harbour." The weary voyager, sad, and sick from all the confused storms and fogs of Anglicanism, has at last reached *terra firma*.

In *Callista*, although we are transported back to the third century and the convert this time is a young pagan Greek girl, there are the same revelations of the pains of spiritual development, the same comments on the slowness and griefs of the conversion process. Callista, like Newman, is a person of "ardent affections, and keen sensibilities, and high aspirations"—Newman was able to express much of his feminine sensibility in this character—and the chief stages in her spiritual growth bear no little resemblance to Newman's own. She passes through the same phase of mingled attraction and repulsion with regard to the Church. When she expresses her belief that Christianity "seems to be too beautiful to be anything else than a dream . . . its *maxims* are too beautiful to be believed; and then, on the other hand, its *dogmas* are too

dismal, too shocking, too odious to be believed," we hear the echo of Newman's cry from Palermo in 1833:

Oh that thy creed were sound!
For thou dost sooth the heart, Thou Church of Rome.

Her arrival too at that desolate "midway region of enquiry" parallels Newman's own stage in the struggle, for "to see that heathenism is false, to see that Christianity is true, are two acts, and involve two processes." Substitute Anglicanism for heathenism and Catholicism for Christianity, and we have Newman's own position of 1843. Here again the excruciatingly painful slowness of the journey is emphasised, for this midway region, Newman tells us, "as surely takes time to pass over, except there be some almost miraculous interference, as it takes time to walk from place to place. You see a person coming towards you, and you say, impatiently, 'Why don't you come faster?—Why are you not here already?' Why?—because it takes time." And during this time Callista is in "a state of mind utterly forlorn"; she is "weary, disappointed, fastidious, hungry." The pain of this transition period is even more strongly stressed in *Callista* than in *Loss and Gain*.

Estrangement from family and friends are likewise involved in Callista's change of faith. Her nearest and dearest are all opposed to the step she has taken, not only because of its unpromising outlook for the future, but also on account of the havoc it has caused her physically, for, we are told, her majestic beauty had completely disappeared and "the expression of her countenance had so altered that a friend would scarce have known it." Here again we see the autobiographical touch as we think of Newman's own losses in the struggle and his shrunken appearance that so shocked his doctor in 1844. Indeed the meditations of Agellius on God's crushing of Callista might well be applied to Newman himself. Here was

a soul full of gifts, full of greatness, full of intellect . . . yet this choicest, rarest specimen of Almighty skill, the Almighty had pitilessly shattered, in order that it might inherit a higher, an eternal perfection. O mystery of mysteries, that heaven should not possibly be obtained without such a grinding down and breaking up of our original nature! O mysterious, that principle in us, whatever it is, and however it came there, which is so antagonist to God, which has

so spoilt what seems so good, that all must be undone, and must begin anew! "An enemy hath done this"; and, knowing as much as this, and no more, we must leave the awful mystery to that day when all things shall be made light.

No other Victorian novelist who passed from Anglicanism to Catholicism succeeded in plumbing the depths of the convert's suffering quite as well as Newman did, but many wrote of their experiences with a convincing vividness and sincerity. The unhappiness of the disillusioned Anglo-Catholic is shown in several tales by Mrs. Gertrude Parsons, a popular novelist of the time. Brought up as an Anglican, she was engaged to a High Church clergyman who, deeply influenced by the Oxford Movement, became a Catholic in 1843. She followed him in 1844, they were married in 1845, and her first novel *Thornberry Abbey* (1846) has certain autobiographical elements, describing as it does the conversion to Catholicism of Ella, the heroine, and her fiancé Herbert, an Anglican curate. The story is full of religious discussions; everyone indulges in long conversations on church topics and a baby's christening is the scene for a heated argument among the relatives about baptismal regeneration (the Catholic teaching on this extremely controversial matter had been well threshed out in fiction before the Gorham case arose and harvested a distinguished crop of converts). Poor Ella is soon completely bewildered; she ponders and puzzles and then, during her fiancé's absence on the Continent, knowing that "truth would stand investigation and hoping that Anglicanism would come forth from the trial with honour," she ventures to read some Catholic books. She is speedily converted, but the thought of the step she will have to take fills her with terror. "Her woman's heart quailed within her" we are told, and she sobs bitterly at the thought of what her family and fiancé will say. She is eventually persuaded to call a six months' truce with her religious difficulties, and agrees to attend Church of England Services during this time, but she finds this very irksome now that she has no faith left in Anglo-Catholicism, "that delusive thing which looked so right and was so wrong." Fortunately her fiancé soon comes back from abroad conveniently converted to Catholicism, so her sufferings are short-lived. This story, like *Loss and Gain*, stresses the dreary nature of disillusionment, the "depressing and exhausting" effects of too much theological argument, and the misery and misunderstanding that such

a conversion inevitably causes in the sphere of human relationships.

All these features are even more sharply emphasised in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's conversion novel, *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* (1869). Like Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Lady Georgiana and her husband were converts from Anglo-Catholicism, and Lady Georgiana, a truly saintly character (Newman wrote of his "reverence and admiration" for her life), devoted herself to work among the poor and the writing of novels to raise money for her charities. *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* was one of her most popular and influential works of fiction and caused many conversions, including, it is said, that of the Marquis of Ripon. The story tells of the progress of Edgar, an Anglo-Catholic clergyman and his wife, Ita, towards Rome. Edgar is at first wildly enthusiastic for "Catholicism without Popery," and Lady Georgiana gives an excellent account of the revolutionary effect of the Oxford Movement on the young mind. But Edgar of course finds that to many of his friends the idea of a Catholic Anglican Church is "dreadfully puzzling" and discovers that, when abroad with his wife in Italy, they can convince neither priest nor peasant that they belong to the Catholic Church. The position is rendered even more awkward by the fact that the only other Anglican clergyman in the district is an ultra-Protestant. "What, are there two religions in one church?" ask the Italians, and an old peasant woman tells them flatly: "those who do not acknowledge the Pope are not Catholics." Arguments ensue, and an Italian priest confutes the Anglo-Catholic position with simple but merciless logic. Ita's faith in the Church of England is now destroyed, but her husband stubbornly resists all attempts to shake his convictions, and the conflicts begin in earnest. "Anglicanism is such a makeshift," bursts out the miserable Ita, "such a system of expedients to prove to ourselves and others that we are what nobody thinks us, and to make words express what they do not mean." Ita's plight is described in detail, and Lady Georgiana blames the Reformation thus:

Alas! that peculiar trial of our time, its harassing divisions, its miserable doubts, are they not the fulfilment of the prophecy that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children? If three hundred years ago the standard of rebellion had not been raised against the Church, not so many aching hearts would be asking now, "What is truth?" and turning away from the reply, not so many sentences

would go forth in the land, condemning to poverty and banishment from their peaceful homes, men too honest to act a lie; kindred hearts would not be so often severed, nor happy homes be broken up.

Ita tries vainly to stifle her doubts and to "shut out" conviction, and clearly the author knows well the agonies of such resistance movements:

What desperate battles have thus been secretly fought in support of the Anglican theory, within the depths of many a soul, whose whole freight of earthly joys and weal has been embarked on that sinking vessel! How it has played the devil's advocate against itself, and with what almost conscious evasions silenced the cry of awakened conscience. Let those who have never known any measure of this strange suffering deal gently with others who are writhing under its pangs.

After much heart-searching Ita becomes a Catholic and is temporarily estranged from her husband, but he finally follows her into the Church and the story has a happy ending. Lady Georgiana's lively and intelligent arguments, her sympathetic understanding of Anglican difficulties, and her fine psychological insight into a wife's spiritual struggles, make this novel a most interesting and valuable study of the Anglo-Catholic problem.

Similar sufferings are endured by the converts in the novels of E. H. Dering, an Anglican clergyman's son who became a Catholic in 1865 at the age of thirty-eight. He was received into the Church by Newman himself, who, knowing Dering and "aware of the mental struggles" that his friend had undergone, made a special journey to Kent to perform the reception. Dering's first Catholic novel, *Florence Danby* (1868), dedicated to Newman, tells of the conversion of two Anglican young men, Beverley and Geoffrey. The story is full of arguments and almost all the characters, whether alone or in company, on horseback, at dinner, in railway carriages or in the drawing-room, talk incessantly about Rome and the claims of Anglicanism and Catholicism. Beverley reaches Rome first, after much mental conflict and many hours spent in talking aloud to himself. Geoffrey takes longer and suffers more acutely. One of the best parts of the book is that in which Dering describes Geoffrey in that spiritual no-man's land between the two churches, that unhappy "midway region" that Charles Reding and Callista passed through with such sorrow. Geoffrey's mind, we are told, is

in that phase of spiritual dissatisfaction wherein it resents Protestant objections, yet negatively resists its own Catholic inclinations. I am not supposing that the majority of Catholic converts pass through this phase of spiritual transition—far from it; but I know, from personal experience and otherwise, that some do. As the meeting of positive and negative electricity produces lightning, so does the collision of a spiritual movement with the *vis inertiae* of associations produce a flash of resentment and a shock of conflicting emotions, to be repeated at intervals, until the atmosphere is really or apparently cleared.

In the end Beverley comes to the rescue and helps his friend to clear up his difficulties and be received into the Church.

Dering's novel *Sherborne* (1875) is a much longer and more complicated story and deals with three conversions from Anglicanism and their particular hardships. This book emphasises even more than *Florence Danby* the trials and troubles of shaking off the Anglican influence, and the intense hold that Anglicanism has on those brought up in it, even when they come to realise that it is not the true faith. One of the converts, Moreton, is, like Dering himself, the son of an Anglican clergyman, and he tells of his attachment to the church and the vicarage where he lived as a child, and all the agonies of parting from such happy associations. Seeing the tower of the village church he says, "do you suppose that anything but the certainty of Divine faith, which a man can trifle with only at the peril of his soul, could have made me break through such associations as those of which that old church reminds me?" He reveals that the thing that held him back from Catholicism for years was "the enormous power of early associations, interwoven with my best feelings, happiest memories and earliest impressions of goodness." Another convert, an elderly lady, is also tormented by Anglican loyalties up to the very eve of her reception and, like Charles Reding and many other converts from Anglicanism, is ignorant of Catholic procedure right up to this time. "I never was inside a Catholic church in my life till this morning," she confesses, "and I know nothing at all about Catholic doctrine except that the whole of it is true." The third convert, Sherborne, has a struggle between worldly ambition and conscience, and the author here has much to say concerning the disabilities of English Catholics in public life at this time. Sherborne's conflict is well-described and we are shown his mental

conversations with the devil in the form of specious thoughts, "interior suggestions" and "voices whispering in each ear." He prays however and the temptations are overcome and light is granted.

In Dering's last novel, *The Ban of Maplethorpe* (1894) (he died the day after completing it), there are even more detailed descriptions of the difficulties experienced in escaping from Anglican influences, and one of the characters is made to say, "I shall have to be a Catholic, I see—but I'm not up to it yet although I want it. You can't think how hard it is to get out of what one was taught by one's Mother." Dering's accounts of the anguish of the convert in having to break through the enormous barriers of tradition, environment, education and feeling give his novels a high value as spiritual autobiography, and such studies of "reluctant converts," as we may style them, are psychologically of the greatest interest as well as being extremely effective as Catholic propaganda. Indeed it is striking to notice that, in all Victorian Catholic fiction, the Establishment is never an object of hatred to those of its former members who have passed over to Rome, and, however, controversial the novel, the converts rarely have anything but love and pity for their first church. Obviously these Catholics, filled with affection and compassion towards the Church of England, are a finer advertisement for their faith than their less charitable Anglican counterparts of Protestant fiction who foam at the mouth at the word Rome, have hysterics at the thought of celibacy and grow livid at the mention of the Pope.¹

One of the most reluctant converts of all is the Ritualist clergyman, Goring, in Sybil Creed's *The Vicar of St. Luke's* (1901). Goring's researches into the whole question of authority lead him towards Catholicism, and, like Charles Reding, he suffers greatly from the extremely slow nature of his conversion. For two years he is in constant pain from

the slowness, the incommunicable griefs of the fight; the heavy studies, the painful and endless cogitations, the faint appearing and capricious withdrawing of doubtful light, the laborious advance, not seeming an advance, the wish that burned him like a hot fit in the ague, and the fear that shook him like a cold one; the absorption more and more tyrannical; the sad solitude; for he had wrongly

¹ Cf. so many of the characters in novels by Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Worboise, Miss Howard, William Sewell and Charles Kingsley.

determined to seek no help of man, and it seemed for a time as if God left him alone.

And at last, when the mind was clear, and the conscience convinced, the final act; an act performed in a far different spirit from anything he had read of in the biographies of other men or in romance. He made his submission to the Catholic Church because he felt it was his duty to do so, but he had no enthusiasm. On the contrary, dull melancholy and dreary misgivings clove to him. The thought came, "Well, dying can't be worse than this."

Today we know that such "death-beds" were no exclusively Victorian phenomenon, and these few samples selected from a mass of religious fiction of the period showing the particular difficulties of the convert from Anglicanism, may help us to understand a little more fully the strange character of the Anglo-Catholic predicament. Reading these tales in the mid-twentieth century we appreciate their message for our own day and age, we are touched with pity at the spectacle of a cruel and subtle spiritual conflict and we feel an overwhelming respect and admiration for those courageous souls, so wounded and maimed in the struggle, men and women who loved "honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends," and whose Anglican attachments destined them to reach the Church only with "the hand cut off, the eye plucked out, the heart torn from the bosom." Through their works of fiction the Victorian converts have thus bequeathed to us some valuable documents in the history of the spirit, stirring records of an almost martyr-like heroism, vivid and striking testimonies to all those divine paradoxes of the faith, reminding us that to die is to live, that death agonies may be birth-pangs and that those who lose their Anglican lives with such sadness find new ones filled with an incomparable abundance of glory and joy in the knowledge and love of God and in the membership of the Catholic Church.

ROGER CASEMENT

By

SIR SHANE LESLIE

THAT A NEW BOOK was needed about Roger Casement is testified by the number of reviews and letters now appearing in the Press. Mr. MacColl offers the impartial view of a historian investigating all the available sources but using the dialect of Fleet Street.¹ He has not written a final book and he has not pleased Casement's enemies or friends, but he has tried very hard. He has scotched but not killed the writhing, double-headed mystery. The facts at trial seem clearer than ever, and the five Judges would never have condemned him without the clearest evidence and the help of medieval laws which they examined with microscopes in manuscript! He was tried for treason as a British official and thoroughly accepted the term of traitor as bravely as he faced the traitor's doom. But to his own soul he was no traitor. He had given his soul to Ireland by a slow conversion but as completely topsy-turvy as St. Paul's turn over at Damascus.

While investigating the undertrodden natives in the Congo and the Putomayo he had developed the seed of Irish Nationalism, and by the help of his extraordinary split-personality could carry on a fantastic liberation of all the downtrodden in a capacious love for all mankind. This led him into ludicrous straits, into contradictions, doubling his tracks and compromising himself hopelessly; and in the end being helplessly condemned in the eyes of the children of this world.

English or Ulster Protestants who become Irish Nationalists either remain half-baked Constitutionalists, who shed their teeth as well as their tears; or they become more fanatically Irish than the Irish. In fact the gentle Gael through the centuries has learnt from English and Protestants how to hate, resist and extirpate the English—hence the list of Ireland's champions, vociferous

¹ *Roger Casement: A New Judgment*, by Rene MacColl (Hamish Hamilton 21s).

and glorious in death and after—Emmet of Cromwellian blood, John Mitchel, the classical Presbyterian, Wolfe Tone, the flower of Trinity College, and Parnell, the marble-hearted aristocrat, who did for the Irish natives what Casement essayed to do for the slaves of Congo and Peru.

Of these champions, whose glamorous ghosts cry England down in the corridors of history, Casement chose Tone to be his simulacrum—indeed when he left America on his ill-starred but daring road to Germany he believed he was Wolfe Tone reincarnate, and moaned that belief to John Quinn and others who never ceased to admire him, however much they disagreed with his politics.

Immense as were his practical deficiencies, his concentrated egotism, his blood-curdling vocabulary, his keen scent for notoriety, his quick change-over of views, plans and friendships (they are carefully enumerated in such a book as this) he was not tried for any personal faults. He was tried for treason, and though his execution struck many noble hearts cold (Conan Doyle, Mr. Cadbury, Widow Green) surviving friends have realised that it was for the best. He wanted to be that rare and ever-memorable type of martyr—of the dead who died for Ireland—and in this the British Government obliged him with a State trial and a drop-scene at the end. Alternatives for him were to enter Broadmoor Asylum or to return alive to Irish politics suspected by the extremists as a British spy who had wrecked their hopes of a German invasion by making a personal fiasco. The Clan-na-Gael, who subscribed to his defence fund, never believed in his Fenian integrity until he was hanged. No Government executes its own secret agents. His canonisation followed as an Irish martyr.

The British could have found excuses and means to save him from the scaffold, for he had a distinguished following in England and always will. He was not as other men, as he often reminded them. He had glittering gifts, but an unkind fairy or banshee had mixed them in confusion at his birth and launched a mixture of Don Quixote and General Gordon. Surely none but Cervantes could have described his invasion of Ireland accompanied by two Sancho Panzas out of a submarine!

The parallel to General Gordon is curious. Insubordinate servants of the State, they both set out unarmed to deliver slaves from slavery. Both crossed King Leopold in different ways at different times. Both were utterly fearless, the bane of officials and

the bewilderment of their own Governments. Both crossed and shifted their own plans apparently at hints from their guiding daemonic spirits. Both poured forth their views, their reports and their threats to the dismay of the clerks in Whitehall until both were charitably reported cracked—made mad by the horrors each had endeavoured to end. Both achieved immense prestige in that floating but muddled idealism which has always ennobled English life. They appealed to the spirit of the Quakers, Liberationists, humanitarians, the Cadburys and Wilfred Blunts in our times. Gordon was martyred and his memory enshrined in St. Paul's. His motto there inscribed was that he gave his strength to the weak. This assuredly was Casement's claim, for he wore out his strength of body in the climate of the Congo and Putomayo—alas, also delicate textures of the brain, for he could be described as "heroically mad" by his champion, Conan Doyle.

Two world wars have extinguished memory of Casement's status in England and world fame after the impartial Congo report by three chosen judges had bouleversed King Leopold, and again after the ghastly revelations of the conditions in Peru. One man alone had brought this about. The Foreign Office could only officialise a knighthood already awarded by the world. Decorations to Casement were as ludicrous as any awarded to General Gordon. However, he accepted them against the grain. It is ironical to conceive what would have befallen his fame had the Peruvian monsters murdered him as the Madhi speared Gordon. Would his effigy now accompany that of Gordon in St. Paul's or his ashes have been placed beside those of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey?

But in his heart he had already taken the long and bitter side-lane which had led him to the quick-lime of Pentonville. He was executed because the great British Empire, like the greater Roman system, lacked both a sense of humour and the gift of gesture. Even today one would hope for the minor gesture of handing over his bones to the Irish Government.

We are writing the review of a book rather than the eulogy or defence of a man who is now receiving all the sympathy he could deserve in Irish papers and all the defence his haunting ghost could demand from the English. It is testimony to his personality that he could not be quenched on the scaffold. Forty years after his execution we find the humane majority of English-

men feebly or bitterly regretting he was not reprieved. In Ireland it needs only be said that should he return today, he would instantly enter the President's House in Dublin, where the entrance is adorned with Lavery's famous picture of his trial.

Mr. MacColl has touched off a hive of political wasps as well as of historical honey-getters. His impartial motive is unsuccessful though he has tried (as much as journalism allows) to reach sources. He has no idea of judgment between sources that are tainted or acceptable. He has not reached such important sources as could be found under the names of Alice Green, Francis J. Biggar and John Quinn. They could have informed him as to Casement's motives in spite of his own insane imprudence. He has brought new grist to the mill, especially Miss Bannister's diary. Casement's voluminous writings he has only scratched on the surface, enough to show how valuable they are to the historian though elusive to the journalist. Mr. MacColl often writes in the wretched jargon of lower Fleet Street.

While there is much condensed information which students of *Casementia* (to coin a word to cover his unique nervous character) will welcome, it seems unnecessary to add a short biography of Charles Peace, the famous burglar-murderer. What in Heaven's name has he to do with a Life of Casement? Yet there he is!

Captain William J. Maloney far more deserves a place in the Appendix as the author of *The Forged Casement Diaries*. This vehement defender of Casement and gallant figure in Irish-American circles, like hundreds of others had upheld the Allied cause until the executions took place in Dublin. Previously, in fact, this Dr. Maloney had found himself at Gallipoli, and had by personal courage prevented the line of a famous English regiment being broken. Though he did not receive the V.C. for which he was recommended, his regiment presented him with a piece of plate and inscribed him as an honorary member in their records. Perhaps Mr. MacColl will do him the honour of spelling his name right.

The book is far more confusing than brilliant. It may not be intended as an attack on the dead, especially as most English journalists do not regard homosexuality as a crime. It settles nothing of the points that have enraged controversialists, but it is a continual challenge to both Casement's enemies and friends. The latter will find the account of his trial, passion and death "compassionate and moving."

While agreeing as to the conscientious and industrious side of his book, it cannot be said that he has advanced knowledge on such a controversial point as Casement's alleged perversity. These are days when homosexuality is a phrase which can be pronounced with no more blush than is stirred by an accusation of petty larceny. It is agreed that the moral question was utterly irrelevant to the trial, and that A. M. Sullivan, the counsel for the defence, was right not to allow the alleged "Diaries" to be pleaded as evidence that Casement was guilty but insane. He was no lunatic but overstrained to dementia. What is fiercely resented is that these "Diaries" were hawked around when his life was in jeopardy and a reprieve was made impossible. The author fails to state that the whole accusation is non-proven, and, in spite of the new evidence which he adduces, no jury could convict a homosexual on it. If Casement was a pervert, how is it that Scotland Yard or the Secret Service of Admiral Hall or Basil Thomson could not mention a name or breathe a single personal suspicion? No one in the Irish Nationalist ranks had an idea of such a state of things—unless the honest Francis Biggar, who certainly burnt papers after one of Casement's visits. It was concluded that it contained Putomayo evidence and had been kept as vital evidence in the further necessary Commission which was expected to settle the truth of the Peruvian reports as triumphantly as the Congo reports had been justified. The War came and cut down all further investigations, enabling the Peruvian monsters to play for time. It became impossible to bring them to trial. They only had to wait long enough to enjoy the huge satisfaction of hearing that their great enemy had been executed by the very Government whose interference they dreaded. incidentally, the Biggar affair is quoted at third-hand, and has suffered as such tales do when retailed to a journalist by an anonymous person who heard it from the dead nephew of a deceased host!

The other new evidence comes from Casement's venerable counsel, Mr. Sullivan, who has given away what cannot be found in his book or in any references he ever made at the trial, that Casement accepted being a homosexual and adduced the distinguished adherents to that cult in history. Even so, we must distinguish between men who are born with the mentalities of women (a phenomenon corresponding to the women who are born with the virile complexity and the souls of men) and the

men who have been led by feelings they could not prevent themselves possessing, into anti-social practices. Hundreds of men with female souls have lived honourable and often distinguished lives. Rumour and ridicule have often followed them, but to call a man a "practising homosexual" without such tooth-combed evidence as was produced in the Wilde trial, is very perilous to truth and to the Commandment against false witness.

Before any more books about Casement are written, Charity as well as History—a theological Virtue as well as a Muse—combine to demand that some kind of examination of all the surviving evidence should take place in a Court of Law or before such a Commission as England to her honour granted to explode the forgeries against the name of Parnell.

In conclusion, only the Church during the centuries has known how to temper mercy with penance in such cases. The chief Catholic interest in Casement's case (in fact all we need to know) is that before his dignified death he bowed to the tribunal of the Eternal Church and laid all his mistakes, misadversions and misdemeanours at the footstool of the God who alone had the final right and exquisite justice to decide eternally upon that crusading but ill-advised soul which He created as much for His purpose in this world as in the next.

DEPTH PSYCHOLOGY¹

MODERN depth psychology has so obvious a bearing on religious problems that it is practically impossible for those interested in religion to ignore it. Indeed many Catholic psychologists will claim that the tenets of some particular school of psychology are of great help in the solution of personal religious problems and in the understanding of religious truths; Freudians, Jungians and Adlerians all dilate on the advantages their own system has to offer. Each school of depth psychology has ideas about the human soul, especially the sick human soul, that can easily be integrated into the Christian current of ideas. But there are also—either in each system or in the philosophy of each founder—ideas not completely acceptable.

¹ *The Third Revolution*, by Karl Stern (Michael Joseph 15s).
Individuation, by Josef Goldbrunner (Hollis and Carter 21s).
The Interpretation of Nature and the Psyche, by C. G. Jung and W. Pauli (Routledge 16s).

The basic ideas of psychoanalysis exercised no small influence on Karl Stern. Those who have read his *Pillar of Fire*, that moving account of his conversion from Judaism, will remember his preference for the Freudian contribution. His new work, subtitled *A Study of Psychiatry and Religion*, is largely a plea for the acceptability by Christians of the core of Freud's analytical system. In that core, according to Stern, is implicit the recognition of the dignity and value of the human person. Central to the analytical situation is the drama of a personal relationship, a dialogue between soul and soul. There is here, however much unrealised by many of the Freudian school, the recognition that knowledge and understanding of the human person can never be reduced to the kind of knowledge involved in knowing objects. The *Thou* can never be reduced to an *It*. Now, however, there is a danger of this core being unrecognised and lost. It must be rescued from the Comtean Revolution—"the Third Revolution"—which heralds the age dreamt of by Comte, when the world will be ruled by science. Psychology itself—the science of the soul—is now being integrated into the forces making for the dehumanising of man. Man's transcendence and value as an individual are in danger; knowledge of him is expressed in statistics and measurement. All his activity is thought capable of being predicted, governed and controlled. Psychology is at the service of mass suggestion, propaganda, advertisement. As Dr. Stern in an amusing section points out, even the chewing-gum magnates can use in their advertisements the psychologists' report that gum is good for "oral comfort, release of aggression, to express hostility and aggression."

Not only from this revolution must psychology be rescued, but also from the philosophy both of Freud himself and of his heirs. The accidental association in Freud of a materialist philosophy with a psychology that emphasises man's need for love has clouded the brilliance of Freud's re-discovery. But, suggests Dr. Stern, this link is not altogether bad. It has served to remind us that in man there is not complete separation between that lower part of his nature of which Freud tells us so much and the spiritual aspect of his activity. All that is high and noble and spiritual in man has its counterpart and manifestation in the lower, the incarnate; and man can only to his detriment ignore the material, emotional and symbolic side of his life. Freud, suggests Dr. Stern, did well to draw our attention to this. His great philosophical error was to see in men "nothing but" this. This "nothing but" philosophy that characterises all materialist trends of thought is the target of some of Dr. Stern's best shafts. In it he finds the shadow of a manichaeism and puritanism with which some of Freud's followers would be surprised to find him charged.

Many will already be familiar with the main features of the psycho-

analytic system. But this book presents them with a welcome freshness and with well-chosen case studies. One could have wished that certain extremely useful and enlightening sections—such as the pages on real and neurotic guilt and on neurosis and sanctity—could have been expanded. But perhaps this would have detracted from the author's main aim, which is excellently achieved—a well sustained, at times eloquent, defence of the human person. This is evidently not a new theme—even in psychology; but it has rarely been developed and expressed with such conviction and clarity.

Illustrative of the Jungian point of view is the book by Fr. Goldbrunner. He is well known in Germany for his interest and influence in various spheres of pastoral activity—catechetical studies, liturgy and analytical psychology. His book, subtitled *A Study of the Depth Psychology of Jung*, studies the process which Jung calls individuation and describes as "becoming a 'Self'." Fr. Goldbrunner's description of this process, especially in the analytic situation, is excellent. Like Dr. Stern, he is far from uncritical of the author whose ideas he expounds, and some of the difficulties he encounters in the Jungian system underline the merits claimed for the Freudian. "One often feels," he says, "that the freedom and power of the spirit are stifled and crushed to death by (Jung's) naturalistic doctrine of polarity." Doubtless, as he says, Jung strove unintentionally towards a personalist conception of man. But there is so much stress on the collective unconscious, on the common archetypal symbols, on the rather impersonal conception of psychic energy, and such ambiguity (at least in Jung's exposition) surrounding the concept of the *Self* that little theoretical room seems left for the *I-Thou* relationship of person to person and of person to God. The Christian Freudian might well ask, where is that stress on the value of the individual and on his basic need of love which one naturally expects to find in a psychology that claims the right to be baptised; and perhaps, indeed, it is he who has the advantage here. For it has been well said that if Freud had had a God, He would certainly have been a Father. Nevertheless Fr. Goldbrunner points out the apparent advantages, theoretical and practical, in Jung's ideas. Jung's unconscious is not exclusively composed of repressed amoral desires; it is not hostile to the conscious aspect of man's life, but complementary. Neurosis is not merely psychic illness, but often an indication of the dangers that threaten a person's psychic well-being and therefore contains indications of steps to be taken to avoid them. The interpretation of the dream is not so stereotyped as in Freud's doctrine, nor are symbols so fixed in their meaning; a more finalistic and less mechanical view of psychic life in general is possible. To these and other claims the Freudian will of course have his answers; he will deny that a pan-sexualistic outlook is necessary.

to the Freudian theory, and will point out that the coined expression "pan-sexual," not in fact coined by Freud, does not accurately express his basic thought.

But whatever be the pros and cons of these controversies, there is no doubt that in its theory and expression the Jungian system is more directly and positively concerned with religion. At first sight that seems among the advantages; but reflection reveals its dangers. The reader sometimes finds himself wondering whether for Jung himself there is any clear fundamental difference between religion and psychological values. Jung's position in religious matters, indeed, is very difficult to define—though one cannot deny the good influence of his thought on many orthodox believers. He is more concerned with the symbolic archetypal themes that enter into religious experience than with the existence of the realities to which the Christian Jungian relates them. Freud's position is at least clear. His basic discoveries and his empirical method can be clearly distinguished from his materialistic and empiricist philosophy; and Freud himself was perfectly aware of the difference in value between his practical discoveries and his more speculative enterprises. In Jung's system, on the other hand, one continually meets with conceptions bearing a religious, though not necessarily Christian, connotation, and it requires a very clear mind to use its rich store of knowledge of the human soul for the real profit of the Christian creed. Fr. Goldbrunner has the qualities required for this task, and his book can be safely recommended as having fulfilled it, and as displaying an understanding of and deep sympathy with the spiritual needs of modern man.

The Interpretation of Nature and the Psyche is concerned largely with the data of Extra-Sensory Perception. Accepting E.S.P. as conclusively demonstrated by the researches of J. B. Rhine and others, Jung adds many interesting facts from his own investigations. He seeks an explanatory principle of facts which, he maintains, are neither due to chance nor yet explicable by the normal laws of cause and effect. He takes it as almost axiomatic that the so-called natural laws are nothing but statistical truths, implies that the notions of cause and effect are only applicable to space-time events, and rather summarily excludes any explanation involving a transcendental cause. These are fairly large presuppositions; but the reader refrains from being too critical at the outset; for he is asked to be patient with a rather difficult solution of an old problem. Jung's "acausal" theory of "Synchronicity" is not, as he admits, easy for the Western mind to grasp: "We must look in the obscurest corners and summon up courage to shock the prejudices of our age if we want to broaden the basis of our understanding of nature." Thus a rich array of references is given and vast knowledge displayed—of Chinese methods of thought,

alchemy, astrology, mythology, symbolism. And all is used in such a way as to manifest a tremendous power of synthesis which is part of the genius that is Jung. Synchronicity is meant particularly to explain the connection between events between which there appears to be no connection except that of *meaningfulness* for some person concerned. True, each event taken by itself has a cause; but it is the connection between the events themselves—supposing that they are not due to chance—that seems inexplicable by traditional categories. If (to give one of Jung's examples) it several times happens that a person sees a flock of birds hovering over the house (rarely visited by birds) of a sick relative and if the relative in each case dies, the observer may suspect some connection between the birds and the deaths. The connection will not be causal—the flock of birds did not cause the death, nor did the death cause its augury. The connection is one which ordinary categories will not explain. The events are synchronistic. Fundamentally, suggests Jung, the connection will be made possible in the mind of the person concerned through the archetypal contents of the collective unconscious. This accords perfectly with general Jungian theory, in which Intuition is the faculty of knowing via the Unconscious and is connected with the grasp of future possibilities. Jung finds some confirmation of his view in Rhine's discovery of a correlation between prescience and emotion, which in Jung's system is concerned with instinct—and instinct with the archetype.

This acausal hypothesis is certainly an ingenious attempt to solve a problem which must be faced by those who accept E.S.P. It assumes, however, the validity of Jung's cherished conception of the collective unconscious and assumes it, apparently, in its most perplexing form—that of some vast impersonal force existing in its own right and obeying laws which are not those of ordinary conscious life.

In his contribution to *The Interpretation of Nature and the Psyche*, W. Pauli institutes an extremely interesting comparison of the theories of Kepler with those of his contemporary, the Cambridge physician and alchemist Fludd. He attempts to explore the influence of the unconscious archetypal forces in the thought of Kepler in spite of the latter's tendency to elaborate conceptions of nature more in line with our modern scientific thought. It is probably more than a coincidence that Pauli (who accepts Synchronicity) is, like so many Jungians, critical of Platonism and the concept of a transcendent cause; he prefers the modern scientific postulate of universal causal reciprocity and himself insists on reciprocity between "ego-consciousness and the unconscious." Yet the whole concept of the unconscious is a very difficult one, and yet so integral to the acausal theory of Synchronicity that, unless Jung's assumptions are true, Synchronicity is not a solution

of his problem, but only a statement of it in Greek. The collective unconscious is itself a postulate of the thinking ego, a postulate, moreover, which is even meaningful only in relation to and in the light of ego-experience and ego-consciousness. The proper status, therefore, of the ego or self should be recognised, and, when it is, acausality becomes unconvincing. A causal theory is necessary if in the psychic sphere there are only selves and the activity of selves—though this is not to assume that each self is fully aware of the riches of its own being or of its connection with other selves.

R. MOLONEY

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WHILE IT IS A PLEASURE to draw attention to fine new recordings of familiar classics, it is a double pleasure to pass on one's excitement in finding a splendid work that is unknown and ravishingly performed. I refer to the L'Oiseau Lyre record (obtainable through Decca) of Buxtehude's music (1637-1707), and in particular to the Cantata for solo voice and accompaniment, *Jubilate Deo*. Sung by Alfred Deller with subtle refinement and controlled passion it makes a truly noble impression. For this little work alone the record would be worth getting, but as well as an organ fugue (played with unvarying colour by Denis Vaughan) and the familiar three-voice Cantata, *In dulci jubilo*, there is, on the reverse side, a magical collection of lutenist songs, with Desmond Dupré playing the lute accompaniments. The period of Buxtehude is also represented on a L'Oiseau Lyre record by a French contemporary, Michel Richard de La Lande (1657-1726), but the chosen example of his music, *Symphonies pour les Soupers du Roy*, is as the title suggests, much more superficial than is Buxtehude's. The jacket on the record claims for him a place not warranted by this example, and I hope that more weighty works will be issued. The Rameau Ballet Music on the reverse side is also not wholly rewarding in spite of obvious editorial seasonings.

Two superb recordings of Bach's St. Matthew Passion (four) and B minor Mass (three) have been issued by L'Oiseau Lyre. The performances, by the Frankfurt Collegium Musicum Orchestra under Kurt Thomas, with German soloists unknown here, have been prepared with obvious devotion and intense musical insight. Not for one moment is one's attention distracted away from the profundities of the music by idiosyncrasies in the performer, by uncertainties of intonation, or by other technical deficiencies, and my only grumble is the way the tenor, in the Passion, tends to force the tone in leaping to high notes, giving

them an often unwarranted accent. The choral singing is perhaps quieter in its tonal gradations than we are accustomed to. An interesting Bach issue (*L'Oiseau Lyre*) is that of a Concerto in D minor for violin, oboe and strings, which turns out to be a transposed version of the more familiar Concerto in C minor for two pianos and orchestra. The latter was not the original version, but the present arrangement is conjectural. It seems to lose something in force and purpose. On the reverse side is J. C. Bach's *Sinfonia Concertante* in A major for violin, 'cello and orchestra, and *Sinfonia* No. 4 in D major. All are conducted by Louis de Froment.

The Mozart anniversary has yielded a spate of works, but towering above them is the four-record Decca issue of *Don Giovanni*. Conducted by Krips, played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and sung by such superb artists as Lisa della Casa (Donna Elvira), Cesare Siepi (Don Giovanni), Anton Dermota (Don Ottavio), Suzanne Danco (Donna Anna) and Fernando Corena (Leporello), the work is a continuous revelation of creative energy, where beauty, wit, sparkle and human warmth fuse and flow in a never-ending stream. Piano Concertos in C major (K.415) and D minor (K.466) are played by Julius Katchen (Decca), with beautiful clarity and tonal control but with a tendency to miss the finer musical points. Christian Ferras with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra (Decca) gives beautifully refined and finished performances of the violin concertos in E flat (K.268) and G (K.216), while William Steinberg conducts the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra (Decca) in performances of Symphonies Nos. 41 (C major) and 35 (D major, "Haffner"), equally finished but less refined. *L'Oiseau Lyre* issue two other symphonies, No. 27 in G, and No. 30 in D, played by the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra under Jochum, and Decca the "Linz" Symphony under von Benda (Berlin Chamber Orchestra) with Schubert's 5th on the reverse side. It is a pleasure to note with what vitality all these Mozart works are performed. Gone is the precious, Dresden-china approach: in its place is a recognition of the dramatic strength, the passion, and the nostalgia that are increasingly revealing themselves under more truthful scrutiny.

Haydn's Concerto in F for piano and strings (Felsted) is a relatively uninspired work, which is probably a reason for its neglect. Better, is the C.P.E. Bach Concerto in C minor, coupled with it. The Beethoven Septet in E flat, Op. 20, played by the Vienna Octet (Decca) fairly bubbles over with high spirits. This is a fine record. As is also the record of the two Brahms 'cello sonatas, played by Fournier and Backhaus (Decca). The 'cellist plays with a wonderful flow of pure tone (which can be somewhat monotonous), but his partner is surprisingly self-effacing. I could wish for something more than correctness and efficiency.

Now for the moderns. The most important issue in scope is the three Decca records of all four of Bloch's string quartets, played by the Griller with complete devotion and a unique command of tonal resource. Bloch is a composer difficult to place. His stature is undoubted, but personally I find the philosophic ideas that profoundly underlie his best works are, in a sense, bigger than the music that results from them. And, too, the pervading protestation weakens the forms of his music, turning them into gigantic rhapsodies that beat upon the walls of one's feelings without breaking them down. (A good example is Schelomo, which, with the lesser known *Voice in the Wilderness*, has just been recorded by Decca. Nelsova's playing is authoritative and superb, but the frenzy ends by having little effect.) The quartets enshrine some of Bloch's finest thoughts, and they are not likely to be better played. I can therefore strongly recommend them.

A pianist unknown to me, Daniel Wayenberg, gives ravishing performances of Rachmaninov's *Preludes* (beautiful little works that should be better known) and, in a recital of Ravel's music, shows an extraordinary technique allied with a remarkable range of sonorities. This is thrilling playing. Gulda's playing of Debussy's *Preludes* (Decca) is stronger than most, which is all to the good. Orchestral works of importance are Stravinsky's splendid *Oedipus Rex*, conducted by Ansermet with rare authority, Sibelius's Sixth Symphony, conducted by Anthony Collins, and Bartok's *Divertimento for Strings* (coupled with a pleasant work by Müller, modern Swiss, for flute and strings). The *Divertimento* has a fine arresting beginning, but the energy becomes attenuated and absorbed into technical mannerisms. Honegger's *Symphony No. 3* (Decca) subtitled *Liturgique*, is a hard-hitting affair concerned more with diablerie, apparently, than with angelic kingdoms. It seems to run a strictly illustrative course, which brings vivid and effective orchestration. Britten and Pears sing the former's *Winter Words* (settings of Hardy) on a single Decca record. Those who like this composer's work will be well rewarded by superb performances. Frank Martin's Violin Concerto, played by Schneiderhan and conducted by Ansermet (Decca) is well worth knowing. There is beautiful thought here, subtle, refined yet strong, and the violin is allowed to sing. The Kathleen Ferrier Anthology (Decca) is a record that will be prized. The chief work is Mahler's *Um Mitternacht*, conducted by Bruno Walter, and sung with unbelievable beauty and inner passion.

A Day of Pilgrimage to Lourdes (Decca) doesn't strictly come under the headings of these notes. It tries to do too much, to catch too many sides of the day's activities. But in spite of its scrappiness, the atmosphere comes through remarkably and serves to release one's imagination.

EDMUND RUBBRA

REVIEWS

CARDINAL GRIFFIN

Cardinal Griffin, by Michael de la Bedoyere (Rockliff 12s. 6d.).

DESPITE the creation by radio and television of limitless opportunities of sitting on other people's doorsteps, the famous still remain too far removed for the satisfaction of the public taste for familiarity. Although the scope of unreal acquaintance continues to widen, there has not yet been found a British equivalent of the American breakfast-table technique of successfully introducing the private lives of the ether-dwelling Olympians to the seeing and listening classes. An avid desire of such background detail is natural and so long as such an important dimension remains absent there will be a demand for books capable of transforming the shadowy personalities introduced to us by modern science into something more substantial.

This is the want that Count de la Bedoyere has set out to meet in a book about Cardinal Griffin as remarkable for its fascinating upholstery of good illustrations as for the wide journalistic sweep which misses no event of the Cardinal's tenure of office. It is an attractive book which cannot fail to introduce the Cardinal as a personality to thousands of Catholics who cannot hope to know him otherwise.

It is right of the author, in the manner of Sainte-Beuve, to begin by placing the Cardinal in the light of his ancestry and against the background of Midland Catholicism. That part of England has a tradition all its own and its contemporary outlook is in many ways more in harmony with post-war English development than either the South or North. Much recent industrial development has been centred in the Midlands, a region still as capable of exerting strong national influence as it was in Chamberlain's time. "Brum" is much more than the abridgement of a not too attractive name, it is an onomatopoeic symbol of the dynamic, pragmatic approach to affairs. There is no better translation in this Diesel age of *solvitur ambulando* than the word "Brum."

When the Apostolic Delegate enquired confidentially of Archbishop Williams how Bishop Griffin would react to the Westminster appointment, he received the answer "Coleshill agrees." If secrecy was the motive for so cryptic a message any other phrase would have served as well. But in Birmingham the job on hand for Bishop Griffin was Coleshill and men of the Midlands identify themselves with the job on hand. The spirit behind the answer seems to Count de la Bedoyere characteristic of the mind of his subject. What was offered did not appear as a change of status so much as a change of work.

Reading the story is in some ways a shocking experience. It seems incredible that so much could have happened in so short a time. In 1943 the Archbishop-elect made his way slowly through a thick London fog to a house which he found untenanted. The fog was symbolic of the fistful of problems awaiting him. Unfairly, as the Cardinal thought, the National Government, anxious to meet the post-war desire for progress, confronted the English Hierarchy with the new Education Act. Not long after there was to be the Health Act and all the time there was the nagging anxiety of the tortured Christians of Europe. There is no streak of provincialism in Cardinal Griffin's mind. From the beginning he set out to convey hope and friendship to defeated German and betrayed European Catholics. The journeys he made were prodigious and it is clear that the combination of heavy domestic responsibility with almost ceaseless journeying strained his physical endurance. Nevertheless, one is left by the biographer with the impression that were it all to be done again, it would be done in the same way.

The story of the Cardinal's illness is sympathetically and optimistically recounted. It is clear that the tenacity of character which enabled him to conquer pain during the Centenary celebrations is still there, and tight though this volume may be packed with events, there is every reason to hope that the passing of the years will make another even more compendious book necessary.

JOSEPH CHRISTIE

O. B.

Victorian Eton and Cambridge: Being the Life and Times of Oscar Browning,
by H. E. Wortham (Arthur Barker 21s).

THIS BOOK, now reappearing after a lapse of nearly thirty years, is not, as its new title would suggest, a study of two famous seats of learning, but the story—and an extremely well-told story it is—of the life of Oscar Browning. O. B. was what the French call “a number.” He was preposterous, cantankerous, sincere, and muddle-headed. He was at all times a formidable character, but while awe-inspiring he was at the same time a figure of fun. In fact he was an odd amalgam of Johnson and Boswell in his own person, possessing a portion of the Sage's commonsense and gift of expression (who else could have referred, in his sixties, to “that sensuous but difficult measure, the waltz”), as well as a full measure of the gullibility and curiosity of his biographer. When to such characteristics is added the zeal of the reformer, the conclusion that the life of such an individual was not likely to have been a peaceful one is not difficult to arrive at. His career was a tempestuous one, punctuated by two major explosions, the first of which ejected him from a house-mastership at Eton, and the second

from a fellowship at King's. In the first instance, it was in 1875, technically he had right on his side. The occasion of his dismissal was his disregard of a rule governing the number of boys in each house, a rule which had never obtained any general or strict observance. To the headmaster, however, any pretext was good so long as it enabled him to get rid of so obstreperous a subordinate. So O. B. was thrown out, carrying with him the first and greatest of the grievances which he was to cherish throughout the years to come. From Eton this "mid-Victorian Socrates" repaired to Cambridge where, as a Fellow of King's, he started a new and no less stormy phase of his career. Once more there were quarrels, injudicious letters and political coat-trailing, and consequently repeated disappointments when it came to vacant offices to be filled. "I am not," he said sadly, "one of those to whom the prizes of this world fall." He was right: he was not. But whether the real reason for such dogged misfortune ever occurred to him is doubtful. Finally, he being then over seventy, it was suggested to him by the authorities that he should resign his fellowship and make way for a younger man. This came as an unexpected blow. There was nothing for it but to submit, however, and he retired to Rome, where he remained until his death in 1923. One last disappointment he had yet to suffer. He had always been an ambitious man. Now he was old, lonely and poor, and, to all appearances, a failure. Might it not be possible to obtain recognition in the shape of a title through Lord Curzon, his old pupil and friend, who had just become Foreign Secretary? As a preliminary step he wrote to another life-long friend, Lord Latymer. His Lordship with, it would seem, some obtuseness, replied that in his opinion a knighthood would add nothing to the distinction which O. B. already enjoyed. The matter was therefore dropped. Certain wheels, however, had been set in motion, and shortly afterwards, just three months before he died, he was awarded the O.B.E. Nine weeks later he wrote to Curzon: "My dear George, I received the decoration yesterday from Kennard, who is Chargé d'Affaires. He presented it with great dignity and kindness. It is a splendid ornament in admirable taste." "And," adds his biographer, "only those who knew O. B. will realise that these lines were not written in irony." And yet, one cannot help feeling, they might well have been.

JOHN MC EWEN

THE REALM OF GONDOR

The Return of the King, by J. R. R. Tolkien (Allen and Unwin 21s).

THE THIRD VOLUME of *The Lord of the Rings* brings to a conclusion a literary feat which, whatever else may be said of it, must be unique in recent times. Professor Tolkien, having devoted a life-time

to the interpretation of the English inheritance of heroic poems and romances, has created an imaginary world which strikes the reader as entirely true to the laws of its own being, untouched by any attempt to establish immediate parallels with the real world and yet variously true in its reflections upon human experience. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the conditions which made such an achievement possible can be reproduced, or whether the work itself can serve as a model for future literary creations. To that extent, its very finality implies an inescapable limitation; but, within the limits which this uniqueness imposes, the romance stands in its integrity, a monument to the vigour and consistency which have gone to its making.

Like the preceding volumes, *The Return of the King* gains no small part of its effect by operating on more than one imaginative level. Besides bringing the story to a conclusion by narrating the siege and relief of Minas Tirith, the chief city of the realm of Gondor, and the crowning of Aragorn as its king, it makes the final overthrow of the forces of evil depend upon the adventures of Frodo the Hobbit and his companion Samwise, who penetrate to the Mountain of Fire in Mordor, the Land of the Enemy, where through their devotion the Ring of Power is unmade and evil itself overthrown. Its main purpose accomplished, the tale concludes with a return to common reality, the mingled relief and disillusion that constitutes the aftermath of war and serves as a fitting pendant to the preceding exaltation. On both levels—the remotely heroic and the intimately human, if we may call them so—the fable combines the heroic pessimism of the pagan epics with a restrained hope that is the distinctive contribution of Christian faith. This combination of two great traditions confers upon the entire conception its distinctive originality.

The writing answers fittingly to the spirit of Professor Tolkien's undertaking. Echoing his great models, heroic and romantic alike, it combines the dignity and remoteness required by the theme with a fully personal echo. "There had been the first ride at terrible speed without a halt, and then in the dawn he had seen a pale gleam of gold, and they had come to the silent town and the great empty house on the hill. And hardly had they reached its shelter when the winged shadow had passed over once again, and men wilted with fear." The fear here is real enough, though its location in "the silent town" and "the great empty house" belongs to the world of legend and heroic dream. It is Professor Tolkien's achievement that, by the very integrity of his devotion to the supernatural essence of his chosen material, he has given it actuality, made it live fully and consistently in relation to a common experience which might have seemed, at first sight, to be entirely removed from it.

DEREK TRAVERSI

VERSE: HARD AND SOFT

Thirty-nine Preludes, by Laurence Clark (Villiers Publications 4s).

The Birth of Venus, by John Smith (Hutchinson 7s 6d).

Fighting Terms, by Thom Gunn (Fantasy Press 8s 6d).

A Form of Words, by George MacBeth (Fantasy Press 9s 6d).

JUDGING from his present book, Mr. Clark has not yet made up his mind as to what sort of verse he wants to write: thus at one end of his language he can write of "mutually-conductive modica," and at the other of "echoes, elfin memories." As far as one can tell from external evidence, though, the more interesting pieces are of later date.

The title poem of Mr. Smith's collection shows that he can write in a very accomplished manner. But elsewhere he goes soft on us. The old clichés of *The Poetry Review* turn up again and again. Tears are "a salt sea," "the planets of love" are "carolling hymns of joy" as ever, and (rather unfortunately, in an ode "To the Memory of Sidney Keyes") death is described as "your ravisher." Mr. Smith is fluent—but his fluency sometimes leads him into such poetical pleonasms as "a nostalgic longing for childhood" and "grief throbs in the baleful air its riot of sorrow. . . ."

If Mr. Smith's language is like plasticine—you mould your own poetry out of it—Mr. Gunn's has a metallic ring about it. The metal may not always be precious: but it is of good quality and it is shaped to a definite purpose. This collection certainly deserves the high praise it has received: it is very uncommon to find a first book of poems as self-assured as this is, and as free from waste matter. Occasionally—as in "Carnal Knowledge"—the self-assurance is better described as youthful cockiness; and some of the love poems betray an inordinate consciousness of self and an odd lack of regard for the other person involved. And "A Village Edmund" is a good comic poem—but one wonders how far it is meant to be. But the best poems in this book are *not* dry, there is more than disembodied intellect and conscious wit in them. What chiefly distinguishes Mr. Gunn from his contemporaries is the important fact that he has matter as well as manner. Thus the following poem, "Here Come the Saints," which can be quoted in its entirety:

Here come the saints: so near, so innocent
 They gravely cross the field of moonlit snow;
 We villagers gape humbly at the show.
 No act or gesture can suggest intent.
 They only wait until the first cock crow
 Batters our ears, and with abrupt and violent
 Motions into the terrible dark wood they go.

Fighting Terms is certainly a book to buy.

There seems to be some discrepancy between Mr. MacBeth's manner and his matter. The language of his poems is portentous, but the subjects often trivial—like a stick of rhubarb reared and floodlit in the town square.

Most men who govern life by clocks
Like apples to be ripe and sweet
So choose the Worcester, shun the Cox . . .

We are reminded that the movement to which Mr. MacBeth belongs bears some resemblance to the middle eighteenth century, with its "Love of the Plants" and its ingenious dealings with the ins and outs of the woollen industry. The ironical smile on the modern writer's face does not really make matters better—though one must credit him with brevity. Mr. MacBeth seems to have pushed this kind of writing as far as it can go; and it will be interesting to see which way he chooses or is driven to turn.

D. J. ENRIGHT

MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY ILLUMINATED

History of Christian Philosophy in the Middle Ages, by Etienne Gilson (Sheed and Ward 42s).

Aristotle in the West, by Fernand Van Steenberghen (Nauwelaerts 100 B. Frs.).

The Philosophical Movement in the Thirteenth Century, by Fernand Van Steenberghen (Nelson 15s).

IF THERE were anyone who could shake our confidence in Professor Gilson's interpretation of the history of medieval philosophy, it would be Professor Van Steenberghen. Fortunately, from the point of view of one who sports neither an Old Sorbonne nor an Old Louvain tie, their final opinions do not seem to be very far apart. M. Gilson, although of later years he has been more inclined to philosophise in his own right, is first of all an historian. He sees medieval thought in its concrete wholeness, in which philosophy and theology are thoroughly interwoven and whose philosophical sources are themselves a complex pattern of Platonism and Aristotelianism variously understood and combined by Neoplatonists, by St. Augustine and by the Arabic thinkers. M. Van Steenberghen is a philosopher who is also an historian and he insists that there was no systematic philosophy in the Middle Ages other than or prior to Aristotelianism. The problem of the thirteenth century is summed up in the mutual reactions of traditional Christian theology and the newly discovered philosophy of Aristotle.

We are surely justified in coming to the pacific conclusion that both are right. M. Van Steenberghen would not deny that traditional Christian theology already contained many philosophical elements derived for the most part from St. Augustine and through him from Platonism, or that the Aristotle of the thirteenth century was an Aristotle often seen through the eyes of Avicenna and Averroes. M. Gilson would agree that systematic philosophies can be extracted from the Aristotelian scholastics in a sense which did not apply to earlier medieval thinkers; his own exposition of St. Thomas's doctrine of being is a central instance of what can be done in this way. Real divergences are concerned with points of detail such as the appraisement of Siger of Brabant, whom M. Gilson still regards as the Averroist that he seemed to Mandonnet but whom M. Van Steenberghen wants to vindicate as no more than a radical Aristotelian who stated honestly the conclusions to which his philosophical thinking appeared to lead without asserting them absolutely in opposition to theology. In the case of St. Bonaventure M. Gilson wants to insist that he is an eminently Christian philosopher while M. Van Steenberghen points out that he is not a philosopher in the sense of having a rational system logically independent of his theology.

M. Van Steenberghen's two small books offer a clear summary, *Aristotle in the West* in a more positive way and the other more polemically, of his view of the thirteenth century as a period in which Christians for the first time took the claims of systematic philosophy with full seriousness and which culminated in the formation of Thomism, a system which is the work of a Christian but whose validity does not presuppose a theology. M. Gilson's unrivalled erudition is employed in painting a broad picture of the philosophical elements in Christian thought from the time of the Fathers to the end of the Middle Ages. Five hundred and fifty pages of readable narrative are followed by two hundred and fifty pages of notes explaining points in detail and providing extensive bibliographies for further inquiry. This method of showing, so to say, first the wood and then the trees is an admirable solution of the problem of how to write a text-book which does not cease to be a book.

It is scarcely necessary to say that M. Gilson's history is indispensable to any student of medieval philosophy. Indeed the student is now relatively well supplied. Apart from introductory sketches he has Fr. Copleston's second and part of his third volume to cover the same ground. Fr. Copleston gives rather more space to the leading figures than M. Gilson, who emphasises the movement of ideas and presumably expects that the chief thinkers will be made the objects of separate study. With these two fairly detailed surveys of the development of medieval philosophy, however, the student and the general

reader have at their disposal means of understanding on which they can safely rely, while M. Van Steenberghen's contributions provide a helpful shift of point of view.

D. J. B. HAWKINS

SICKNESS AND THE WHOLE MAN

Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Pathology: A Short History of the Evolution of Medical Thought, by Pedro L. Entralgo. Foreword by E. B. Strauss (Harvill Press 12s 6d).

BY THE TERM psychosomatic pathology the author understands the scientific study of human disease considered in relation not simply to its bodily, or simply to its psychological causes, but "in conformity with the personal conditions of man's psychophysical reality." In this historical essay, he contends that while medicine has always been psychosomatic (methods of curing have, roughly speaking, always taken into account the personal situation of the patient), the same cannot be said of pathology. In the ancient world there prevailed a religious and personal conception of illness; it was considered the result of a moral lapse and was treated as such. This gradually gave way to a developing realisation of the physiological basis of disease, particularly in the work of Hippocrates and Galen. It was this latter style of medicine and pathology, physiological in emphasis, that came into general acceptance in the early Christian era. It was later to be one of the starting points of the work of the school of Salerno, from which Western medicine stemmed.

Christian thought, on the other hand, while clearly distinguishing between sin and disease, did not entirely separate the two. Relief of sickness was quickly seen to be a very practical application of the commandment of love. The analogy of medicine was often used by early Christian writers, from St. Ignatius of Antioch onwards, to illustrate theological doctrine, and this analogy was, by more than one of them, worked out in some detail with reference to morality. Whilst illness was further considered as one of the data of the problem of evil, it was also insisted that surrender to sin (particularly to concupiscence) could bring sickness in its train.

From this, Professor Entralgo argues that through Christian thought, the way lay open to a truly psychosomatic pathology, although the realisation of this in medical thought and practice did not come about till our own times. It is in the discovery by Freud of psychoanalytic practice, with its emphasis not just on man's physiological constitution but on his whole make-up, that, paradoxically perhaps, a more truly Christian conception of man was at last able to influence pathology.

It is undoubtedly to Professor Entralgo's credit that he has succeeded,

in such short compass, in outlining so clear and unified a series of theses, which are, moreover, based on a sound and balanced appreciation of the philosophy of human nature. It is a pity, however, that he chose this essay, rather than one of his more thorough-going works, for his first appearance in this country. Because of its scope, the documentation of many of the specialised fields from which he draws is, on critical standards, incomplete, and his selection of sources restricted. Scholars in those fields will feel that many qualifications could be added to the general conclusions that he takes from them for the construction of this almost Hegelian scheme of development in medical thought. Particularly is this true of the field of Patristics, which affords the turning point of the whole argument. Another effect of the compression of this work is the appearance of scores of transliterated foreign words which on occasion, it must be admitted, interrupt rather than advance the argument.

If, at the end of it all, the reader be still slightly puzzled about the precise practical nature and contemporary relevance of psychosomatic pathology, he will at least have been led to hope that Dr. Rof Carballo's book on that subject, to which this essay was originally intended as a preface, may also become available in English to enlighten him.

GEORGE CROFT

Obscenity and the Law, by Norman St. John-Stevas (Secker and Warburg 25s).

THIS BOOK, which is warmly commended in an enthusiastic introduction by Sir Alan P. Herbert, is the production of a gifted young barrister who combines industry and erudition with independence of mind and sprightliness of manner. He discusses the development of English law on the subject of obscenity from the days of the Ecclesiastical Courts of the Middle Ages and the Star Chamber down to recent decisions of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Mr. St. John-Stevas seems to have studied every case of prosecution for obscenity in this country and shows a wide acquaintance with legal activities concerned with this matter in other countries.

He does not set out to argue any case. He simply states the facts and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. Although recent discussions about the abolition of the death penalty have relegated obscenity to a secondary position, the book is none the less topical and is indeed essential for those who wish to appreciate the background to recent attempts to clarify the law on this subject. From this point of view the Appendices of the book, especially the long third Appendix illustrating the legal position in the Dominions and in many foreign countries, are of no small value.

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Hayn,
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And,
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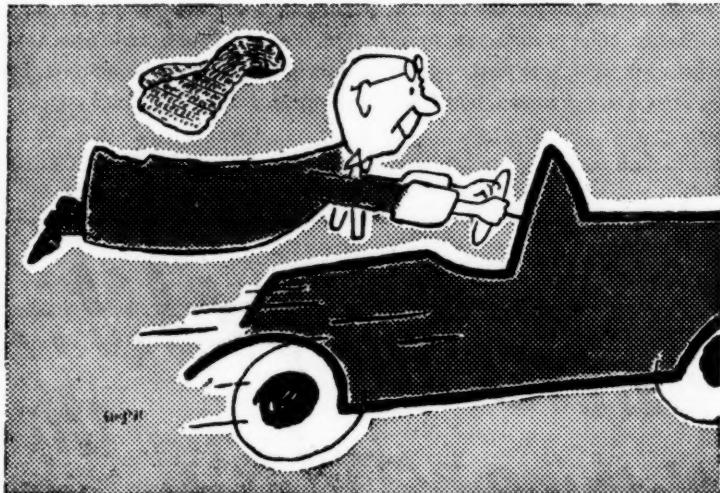
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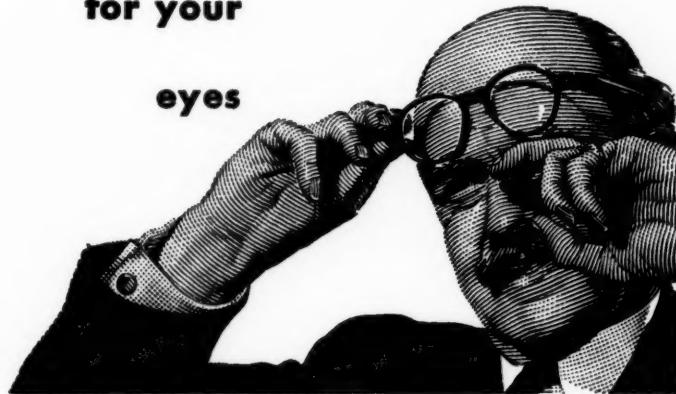


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